DON'T OVERLOOK "THE TREASURE OF ZUBARAN," A NEW SERIAL, WHICH BEGINS IN THIS NUMBER

CHICAGO LEDGER

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NEW YEAR BELLS

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress for all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold,
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

—ALFRED TENNYSON.

Having Her Way

EVER since I can remember, it has been Uncle John's pleasant custom to send us a turkey from the farm for our Christmas dinner. This year the package came two days before Christmas and I happened to be the one to receive it. The basket was so extraordinarily heavy that my curiosity was aroused and I opened it myself, for I thought that perhaps Aunt Anna had tucked in some delightful holiday surprise. I was rather astonished to find two turkeys, one medium size and another very big indeed, and I was wondering what we could be expected to do with two birds when Louise Erwin telephoned and asked whether her turkey had come.

"You see," she explained, "I remembered what splendid birds your uncle always sends, so I wrote and asked him if he wouldn't sell us one, as we want a specially nice one this year. And I got a postal card just now from him saying that he had shipped it with yours."

"Yes, it's come," I replied.

"Good! Then I'll send right over for it," said Louise.

After the boy whom she sent had come and gone, I called mother and Cousin Fannie down to the kitchen to see what a gloriously big turkey Uncle John had sent.

"It must weigh over twenty pounds," remarked Cousin Fannie. Placing it on the kitchen scales, she exclaimed, "Well, what do you think of that? Almost twenty-three pounds!"

"I think it's awfully nice," I answered quickly. "We can have a lot of people to dinner."

"You know, Lucile," said mother, "I don't like to make Christmas a hard day."

"But if we don't have some assistance it will take us a week to eat it," I returned. "It would curé us of the turkey habit forever."

"Yes, we might get fearfully sick of it," admitted mother. After a little persuasion she agreed to my inviting a number of friends to dinner Christmas eve.

"Wouldn't it be a good idea to roast the turkey partly this afternoon, so that there won't be much to do tomorrow?" I asked. "I'll go out and buy the bread myself for the dressing, while Tilly is getting it ready for the oven."

Just after the turkey, in his cunning little brown paper overcoat that Cousin Fannie had fitted over him, had been shoved into the oven Louise Erwin called me on the telephone.

"Oh, Lucile," she began breathlessly, "there's been a mixup about the turkeys."

"Mixup?" I repeated.

"Yes, you see when the boy brought our turkey I was awfully disappointed in it, because I had asked your uncle to send us an extra large one, for we are going to have our entire clan to Christmas dinner, and I had bragged to the family what a beauty big one your uncle would send. And then that little—medium-sized one came! I called him right up on the long distance and he said he had sent the biggest turkey he had ever raised, so of course, I knew then that you had kept the giant by mistake. I'll send the boy back with the smaller one to make the exchange."

"But, Louise, dear, it's too late now to trade."

"Too late! What do you mean?"

"Why, our turkey is in the oven now."

"Well, can't you take it out?" she demanded.

"Take it out? Of course not, Louise. It's too bad that Uncle didn't mark the turkeys so that this little mistake couldn't have occurred, but as it is, I think the best thing you can do is to buy another medium-sized turkey here in town and have one at each end of the table. That will look very attractive and bountiful."

"Why in the world did you begin to roast that turkey so soon?" she persisted, paying no attention to my helpful suggestion.

"Because we're going to have our Christmas dinner tomorrow evening, and I thought it would relieve the strain if most of the roasting was done today. I always like to plan household matters systematically so that no one will work too hard."

"Indeed!" she remarked sarcastically and broke the connection.

I was glad to have an end to the conversation, for I feared that if mother heard my side and guessed what it was about she would insist upon taking our turkey out of the oven and give it to the Erwins—she is so impractically quixotic in some of her ideas. Of course that would have been awkward for me, as I had already telephoned to several guests and had told them what a rare bird was provided for their delectation.

I do hope that Uncle John will not be vexed and complain to mother when Louise pays him for the small turkey. He certainly ought not to be annoyed with anybody but himself for not having labeled them.

Our dinner went off very well, altho father and grandmother had both objected strenuously to giving up the regular old-fashioned midday Christmas dinner. But when I told father that I had thought it would make it so much easier for mother he was reconciled to what he scoffingly called my "ridiculous innovation."

If Cousin Fannie hadn't been quite hysterical after dinner because she was too tired to go to "The Messiah" oratorio, for which she and a friend had tickets, the party would have been a great success. But her tears upset poor mother, who blamed herself for letting Cousin Fannie overexert herself. I really think it is extremely selfish of Cousin Fannie to give in to her attacks of nerves as she sometimes does. She ought to have more control, for all our sakes.

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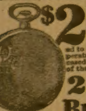

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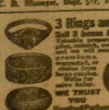

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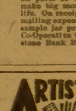

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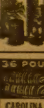

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"Wait," Shrilled Mrs. Crawford, Hysterically. "I Win! I Have Four Aces." The Robber Leaped to His Feet. "This Beats Four Aces," He Screamed.

The Lure of the Game

By John W. Carden

THE burglar makes a proposition whereby the woman may save all that she and her husband had in the world. It's a terrific ordeal that she faces in this story.

ANNA CRAWFORD watched the lumbering old buckboard containing her husband till it disappeared in a cloud of dust as it rounded the bend in the road; then with a sigh, half of joy, half of loneliness, she returned to the kitchen, from the window of which she gazed out over the desolate, dusty and heat-cursed Western soil darkening now in the sultry twilight, and a smile slowly spread over the face that had begun to show the effects of overwork and worry.

"Just a little while now, and we will bid you farewell," she murmured to the uninteresting landscape. "I am so glad that Henry has struck luck at last. Another year—even another month—of this life would have killed me."

The Crawfords had settled upon this barren Montana farm seven years before. Henry's health having failed from the daily grind in the large wholesale house in Chicago, in which he had been employed, his physician had prescribed outdoor exercise and fresh air.

"Why not go farther West, buy a farm and rough it a while?" he had asked. "There is money, as well as health, in it."

The Crawfords had taken this prescription with the same faith with which they took all of Dr. Morris' nauseating prescriptions, with very faces, but convinced that the medical man knew his business.

Result: Henry had regained his health; but, if there was any money in the venture, it had seemed to be only what he had sunk in it; certain it was he had failed to dig any out of the soil.

When Crawford had about come to the conclusion that his own and his family's bones would finally serve to help enrich the barren and unfertile Western dirt, luck had blossomed in a manner that was as unexpected as it was welcome. A man, possessed of more money, apparently, than brains, had made him an offer for the farm, with its loneliness and dust included. The offer had been promptly accepted, the money, $3,000, in hard cash, was paid over, and was now reposing in the big chest in the front room.

The Crawfords, having no children upon whom to lavish their affections, promptly hugged each other; then fondled and kissed the roll of legal tender, waltzing over the floor the while. "Now," said Anna, happily, "we can return home—home. Do you realize what that means, Henry? We can go back to life—where we can see something besides the blistering, sun-kissed ground; and hear a voice now and then besides our own."

"Yes," answered her husband, jokingly. "Back—back—back to dear old Illinois. By the way, is that the title of a popular song I have quoted? And back to your dear old bridge parties. I imagine, with no one upon whom to practice but my humble self, you have almost forgotten your cunning at the game."

"Maybe I have," Anna laughed; "but, anyway, I can learn over again when we get back home. And, please, Henry, attend to it at once, won't you?"

"This very day. It is now 1 o'clock. I can drive to town, arrange everything, and be back by 11 tonight; but I hate to leave you all alone, little woman. Are you sure you will not be afraid?"

"Of course I am sure. What nonsense! What is there to be afraid of out here in this forsaken place? And this is the last night we will have to be here, you know. I surely can stand 'most anything, even a little loneliness, for part of one night."

But, despite her brave words, as the dusk began to settle, and she had seated herself upon the little porch, a feeling of loneliness began to creep over her. Everything seemed peaceful and still. A firefly now and then flashed in the gloom; a pig squealed in his pen at the rear of the house; but all other sounds seemed hushed. This was the first time during their seven years of farm life that she had been left alone, and the very silence got on her nerves.

"Pshaw!" she said to herself at last, disgustedly. "This will never do. What a big booby I am getting to be! I'll just go into the kitchen and see what effect a cup of strong tea will have upon me."

The striking of the little clock attracted her attention, as she rose from her light lunch of crackers and cold tea.

"Already 10 o'clock. Henry will soon be here now. And tomorrow we leave this place forever. I am almost tempted to commence packing and—— Heavens! What was that?"

While speaking to herself Mrs. Crawford had passed from the kitchen toward the front of the house; and now, as she stood at the door leading into the parlor, the sound of stealthy footsteps came distinctly to her ears.

"It must be Henry, returned earlier than he expected," she told herself.

She had reached forth her hand to open the door, satisfied that it was her husband in the next room, when something seemed to warn her, and she stooped, instead, and placed her eye to the keyhole. For a moment she saw nothing; then the sound of footsteps was heard again, and, thru the space of vision which the keyhole covered, a burly form passed, pausing before the trunk within which lay their treasure.

For a moment Mrs. Crawford knelt trembling, incapable of motion; and unconsciously her hand was reached forth to the knob of the door to steady herself. There was a faint rattle as she touched it.

The intruder, with a low-muttered exclamation, wheeled and faced the door, behind which the terrified lady knelt. He stood listening for an instant; then, with soft footsteps, crept forward, and, with a swift jerk, threw the door open, and Mrs. Crawford felt the muzzle of a revolver pressed against her temple.

"Keep quiet, lady," the burglar muttered in her ear, as he caught her wrist and dragged her into the room. "I ain't here to do ye no harm, if ye'll keep still. But one little scream from ye, an'—well, this little popper might go off. Now, ye jest sit quiet-like in that chair, while I finish my job." He dropped her into a seat where he could keep an eye on her, and once more raised the lid of the trunk.

In a moment the robber gave a chuckle of delight and stepped back with the roll of bills in his hand.

Mrs. Crawford was trembling, as the money was taken from the trunk. All the seven years of toil and hardships and future hopes of her husband and herself were represented in that package of bills. To see it taken now, leaving them without even a shelter over their heads, was heartbreaking.

"Please, Mr. Burglar," she pleaded, staggering to her feet, "take anything—everything else here, but, for God's sake, leave that! For seven years we have existed here, in want and poverty, striving to make a living from this barren farm. Today my husband sold the farm for the amount you have there. It is every cent we have; and with it we intended to return home. Without it we are destitute, for, don't you see, we cannot even remain here now that we no longer own the farm? See! Here I have a valuable ring; and these cardrops. I have kept them all my life, tho I have often been in want and needed the money they would have brought. They belonged to my mother, and are genuine diamonds, worth perhaps a thousand dollars; not as much, it is true, as the money you have there, but enough to enable you to start in an honest calling. Take them; and afterward come to me at any time, and I swear I will

give you any amount of money I can afford, and never betray you."

The burglar looked at her and laughed softly.

"Well, ef ye ain't the limit! But that's jest like a woman. Why, wouldn't I be a swell business man to 'swap' three thousand dollars in clean cash for a few little shiners that I would have to sell, and get, accordin' to your own valyation o' them, maybe one thousand for. Oh, gee! Excuse me for my seemin' lack o' respect for ye, but I jest must laugh."

With a smothered guffaw of delight, he brought his hand down on the little table, jarring the lamp; till it was almost overturned, and knocking to the floor a small pasteboard box, which burst open, scattering its contents over the floor.

"Gee! Ef them ain't playin' cards ye may hang me for a greenhorn!" the burglar cried, while the amused look on his features gave place to the strained expression sometimes seen on the face of the confirmed gambler. The eyes glittered, and his hands opened and closed spasmodically. The look continued, passing his hand over his eyes, "The sight of them things makes me hungry! Who plays faro here, Mrs.?"

"—I have played a little," Mrs. Crawford faltered.

The burglar handled the cards as tenderly as a child handles a fragile toy, seemingly lost in thought.

"Tell ye what I'll do," he said at last. "Ye want a chance at this 'ere three to one? Those dollars, don't ye? 'Course ye do; an' I would like them sparklers o' yourn mighty well. But, ye see, I'm a gentleman, I am, an' I ain't never took a lady's poor little trinkets, 'less I was in mighty hard luck. But ter show ye I'm a fair an' square man, I'll give ye a chance at the money, jest for a chance at them jewels. I'll play ye a game o' poker, putting up the money against the di'monds. What do ye say?"

Mrs. Crawford sat stunned for a moment at this remarkable proposition. What should she do? If she played and lost—as she was sure of doing, being too nervous and excited to be much more than able to tell one card from another, while the look on the face of the man proclaimed him a professional gambler—she would not only lose the money, but the diamonds, also, upon which she might realize enough to return to her longed-for home. Then, something seemed to whisper, "Play, and gain time; it is almost time for your husband to return."

"I'm a-givin' ye mighty big odds—three to one," the burglar was saying, as she roused herself from her study of the proposition, "an' I ain't got all night to wait, either. Will ye play, or won't ye? I wouldn't offer it to many, but I'm a-starvin' for a game with the dear ol' pasteboards. They're meat an' drink to me."

Mrs. Crawford rose to her feet. "I'll play," she said quietly.

"Good!" exclaimed the robber. Then he placed the lamp to one side and seated himself at the table, placing his revolver at his right hand.

"Draw up your chair, an' we'll have a social game. Hope ye'll pardon the gun. Ye see, I've got so used to havin' it to reach in a game like this, it's got to be a sort o' habit. 'Course I don't 'sinuate that ye'd do anything crooked, or cheat; but ye can't never tell jest what's a-goin' to happen, an' it's well to be prepared for anything."

The game was commenced, with the burglar seated on one side of the table, eyes gleaming with the gambler's fever; on the other side Mrs. Crawford, frightened and trembling, but striving to keep her thoughts on the cards. Silence, save for the deep breathing of the man, the rustle of the cards, and now and then an excited catch of breath from Mrs. Crawford.

The "pot" in the center of the table was beginning to grow. Already the lady's cardrops and fifteen hundred dollars of the money were heaped up there. The voice of the burglar at last broke the stillness.

"Let's put it all in this pot," he muttered. "I ain't got no more time to lose."

Mrs. Crawford silently and with a trembling hand laid the ring upon the table and the man as silently covered it with the remaining fifteen hundred dollars.

"I call you," the burglar laughed, placing his hand upon the table. "Three kings, ye can't beat it." He reached forth for the money and jewels and began to drag them toward him.

"Stop!" shrilled Mrs. Crawford hysterically. "I win! I have four aces!"

"Ten thousand demons!" the robber screamed, springing to his feet. "Well, this beats four aces, eh!"

He leveled the revolver at her head with one hand, while with the other he began to rake in the money and jewelry.

"Did you think for an instant that I was fool enough to give up three thousand dollars all that easy? Huh, women are too easily fooled."

Mrs. Crawford, crazed by the thought of what she was losing, dashed forward, upsetting the table and breaking the lamp in a thousand

"You shall not have it!" she screamed. "Help! help me!"

She heard the splintering of wood—a pistol shot—then felt a blow on the side of her head, and fell to the floor, senseless.

* * * * * *

It was two hours later. Mrs. Crawford was lying, smiling, in her own room, while her husband caressed a slight bruise on the side of her head.

"And I saved both the money and jewels?" she murmured happily.

"Yes. You see, I got home just in time. My hurrying at the door rather excited him; and my pistol shot saved you from a worse wound than the bruise made on your head in the rush you gave aside. He got my bullet in the leg, but he was not so badly hurt as to prevent him hobbling off with our friend, Sheriff Brown."

"And I beat a professional gambler at his own game. Do you still think I have forgotten the use of the cards?"

"Hardly. But in the future, when we again encounter a Chicago society, I would advise you to attend strictly to sin you once did. Cut out poker, unless you want to bankrupt your friends."

Making the Little God Laugh

LOTTY FARRINGTON and George, her husband, after two years of married bliss, had suddenly, to the consternation of their world, "separated." Lotty had returned to the solemnly correct home of her parents and George had taken a flat downtown.

The trouble between Lotty and George was not novel. It concerned a "chorus girl—one he had known a long time before—even before he met Lotty. It seems that this chorus girl and somebody had told Lotty that George had gone there once or twice and Lotty found out that this was true. Lotty had no particular fears about this chorus girl, because she died, she had been dead three months. Lotty had merely been sure that she was dead, but there were other chorus girls, telegraph girls, as well, and telephone girls and waiting-room girls. There were times when Lotty trembled at the very sound of a girl's voice thru the telephone, and at the intention to send a telegram, and the girl she encountered had her hair especially low over her ears or had a particularly smart costume. Lotty's manner was very disdainful—she gave her to understand at once that she was a telegraph girl. She felt it right, she told herself, to keep such girls in their places.

Until Lotty had had the terrible quarrel with George, when she refused to listen to what he had to say and just "left him," she never had realized how many girls there were in New York. She now saw nothing but girls, and sometimes vaguely wondered where the boys were; what had become of them all. She decided once to write a letter to a newspaper, enquiring the advisability of handsome boys, charmingly mannered, just as the girls were, stationed at least at one third of the positions where automatons—that was what Lotty called them—were required.

"Oh!" she would cry out after one of her original girl soliloquies, "if only George wasn't so handsome, if only something would happen that would convert him into a homely, ugly creature with leering eyes." Before she could go further, however, she would turn cold from the idea that she seriously to be forgiven for such thoughts, as well as protection for George from all accidents, including appendicitis and the grip. Then Lotty would snap her fingers and ask what it was to her anyhow. Why if all animals in the world—cats and dogs and even birds were suddenly turned into the most beautiful girls, with hair to their knees and eyes such as had never been seen on earth before, it couldnt affect her. She was done with thinking about girls or men—she was, for all time. And Lotty would grow suddenly very grave and take her seat at the window, a pathetic little figure, that didn't even notice when the lights were turned on.

This tragic state of affairs had lasted three months, but of course Lotty occasionally went about, quite naturally George did. And so one afternoon when the subway stopped at Wall street George strode in. He did not see Lotty, who had been visiting a friend in Brooklyn, when he entered the car, so it was entirely an accident that he took the seat across the aisle opposite her.

When he did see Lotty, only a moment after the car started, he did the most natural thing for a gentleman, who suddenly recognizes a lady of his acquaintance, to do; he lifted his hat. It had been so sudden and Lotty, being a little lady who always acknowledged a gentleman's salutation, returned the bow. The lovely mouth almost performed one of its little tricks. She prevented that quickly enough, but was powerless, however, against the crimson flush that spread over her face. George saw the flush and also that Lotty had grown thin; it even seemed to him the little shoulders drooped a bit. He cut George sharply like a whip-lash, but he vowed, prefacing it by a "By Jove" under his breath, that he had never met her quite so gentlly, sweetly beautiful. He was almost unaware, in spite of Lotty herself, in spite of anything, that everybody else to go over and lift her mouth to his and kiss it. Certainly he hadn't a right to kiss her on the mouth in a subway car who had? Lotty would say that no one had, but he had never paid any attention to her little views. Some of things had passed between them that didn't in the least accord with her ideas of propriety.

When Lotty got out at Seventy-second street George got up and followed her.

"Pardon me," he said, lifting his hat, "but may I escort you as far as your door?"

Lotty's face crimsoned again and her throat contracted so that she could not answer. Indeed, she felt quite quicken her pace. George immediately quickened his and kept by her side.

"You are angry," Lotty finally managed to bring forth.

"Nothing is further from my intention," returned George gallantly.

"And persistent," continued Lotty, adding haughtily, "you evidently retain your old spirit of stubbornness."

"Oh, I don't suppose I've changed much!" George answered humbly.

"Except to me!" retorted Lotty.

"Oh!" said George lightly, sniffing an advantage.

"Pardon me," said Lotty quickly, "for indulging in a personality."

"Certainly," answered George, "I have never minded personalities; I have always rather liked them. I think it was you who told me once that my—enemies protected me. Lotty—"

"Well!" Lotty's voice was very sharp.

"I never saw you look quite so beautiful as you did in the subway."

"To follow ladies out of the subway, persist in walking with them and pay compliments to them," she turned her face towards him, but catching his eye retrieved, "ungentlemanly!"

"I know," said George, "I suppose it is, but—"

"I suppose," exclaimed Lotty, "your associations with chorus girls has——"

"Don't," interrupted George, paling slightly, "don't go into that, and Lotty," he stepped in front of her, "don't go home; turn back with me—let us take the downtown subway!"

"The downtown subway," inquired Lotty, icily, "for what, pray?"

"Well, you see," blurted forth George, "I have so much to say to you! Won't you go to my apartment with me and spend the evening?" It was growing desperate and he laid his hands on her small shoulders, wishing he felt how thin they had grown. "Won't you?" he repeated.

"Have you gone mad?" inquired Lotty in an excited voice.

"I believe so, yes! I think it happened when I laid my arm on you in the subway, sitting under that queer advertisement. Yes—I am quite sure I am mad!"

"Dangerously handsome" people had called George and that handsome face, lit up with love, was very near her own. But Lotty broke away and sprang back. "George," she burst forth, "how do you dare?"

George laughed. "I don't know," he answered recklessly. "I'm by nature daring, I suppose. I dared to go to see a dying girl—I've dared many things!"

Here Lotty's face paled. "You refer to that!"

"Yes, why not? The girl wasn't anything to me, Lotty. She was Hal's girl; it seems he deserted her on—neglected her. At any rate, when she needed him, when she was dying—he wasn't around."

"You are telling me the truth?" gasped Lotty.

"I always told you the truth," answered George, "or tried to—you wouldn't listen—you wouldn't let me tell you anything!

CONSTANCY

If it should chance to be my fate
(I pray the Fates that it be not!)
To linger vainly long and late
At the beloved accustomed spot,

Nor see you straying down the dusk,
With beauty and with grace endowed,
As bursts the primrose from its husk,
As breaks the new moon thru the cloud,

May it be mine, before I go,
To say, with happy certainty,
"Wherever she may be I know
Her constant heart is here with me!"

—TOWN TOPICS.

You preferred to send me away—turn me out."

"George!" Lotty gasped. "Don't say those things!"

"I won't!" he bent forward tenderly and looked longingly into her eyes, a fierce, well-remembered light dying his eyes. "Come," he whispered, "go home with me!"

"George!"

"Well?"

"It would'nt be proper!"

"Why not? We've lived in an apartment for two years together."

"That was different—we were married then!"

"We are married now," said George.

"But, George," she persisted faintly, a very bright color ascended past Lotty's throat to settle in her cheeks, "it isn't proper!"

"All right then," said George, "let's do something improper. I'm sick and tired of the pre proper, and Lotty, you are thin as a rail, it's slowly killing you!"

"I know it," said Lotty submissively.

"And you consent?" whispered George in her ear.

Lotty did not reply and he continued in a slightly imperative strain that she knew always meant he would have his way—won't take you unless you do. You've got to say yes!"

She could not trust his arm.

"No, that won't do—say yes!"

"Yes," in a whisper.

George suddenly squeezed her arm and drew her closer to him as they turned with a very humble mien to retrace their steps, which had been walking in silence, and very solemnly, as an elderly, well-ordered married couple, when suddenly George broke into a laugh.

"What are you laughing at, George?" Lotty inquired indignantly.

"I was thinking how fine it will be to shock Wilkins!"

"Who is Wilkins?"

"Our married English butler! He thinks me a saint. He walks right at him! Now mind, you are not to say a word. I'm going to tell him you are my sweetheart! You won't you?"

"Yes, but George!"

"Well, darling?"

"We must avoid appearances!"

"Can't, little girl! Can't even think of appearances—besides appearances aren't could. We haven't been relled on—never could."

He took her arm and led her down the steps. "I just suppose those are the places he has been! Not mine; he thinks me a fact is I have been no saint, my dear; it was deuced hard to keep up appearances. That is when the fun will come in. If train comes! Of course—I know I can't anyway; why doesn't it come along?"

"We'll get there soon enough!" inquired Lotty nervously.

"I don't know, forever me! Ah! here it is!"

"But, George," and Lotty clung to his arm, "what of mamma?"

"I'll telephone her the minute we reach the apartment that we have eloped!" And then the train took them up and hurled them at breakneck speed thru underground space to Forty-second street.

"How beautiful the lights look!" said Lotty as they reached the street. But George's gaze was on her profile.

"How beautiful you look!" he answered, and the crowd swallowed them up.

The Treasure of Zubaran

Vincent Starrett and Thomas Kennedy

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Those who incurred the enmity of Zubaran died swiftly—and terribly—but two adventurers, stormy petrels, were willing to take a chance; for a great treasure was at stake. It was a mighty task they undertook and you will like this story.

CHAPTER I.

THE CANTINA DE ESTRELLA.

A DRUNKEN peon at an adjoining table babbled ceaselessly. An admiring group, equally maudlin, listened, fascinated, to what seemed to be the recounting of a series of sanguinary exploits.

Gatewood turned to Hamilton with a grimace of disgust.

"Let's get out of here," he urged. "This rotten place is beginning to get me, and I'm not overly fond of our neighbors. First thing we know we'll be mixed up in a drunken row and spend the night in some stinking jail."

Hamilton laid a restraining hand on his friend's arm.

"Just a minute," he said quietly. "Listen." Gatewood listened.

"It was just beyond El Infernillo, where the black cross marks the grave of the nameless victim," the peon was explaining. "The tunnel is long there and the train from the City carried great treasure. The chief's orders were to blow in the tunnel after the treasure train had entered, but—and this is the joke, senors—somehow the orders miscarried. The idiots dynamited both ends of the tunnel, and there shut in the tunnel is the train yet, treasure and all. With his own hand he shot the man who blundered, but that did not give him the treasure. Perhaps it will be days before he can procure more powder."

"Who is this chief, Antonio? He must be a great fool," a listener interrupted.

The narrator lowered his voice to a whisper and looked fearfully about him. Then he uttered one word.

"Zubaran!"

There was a pause while this astonishing information sank in. Then he added: "It will be well for you, if you value your yellow hide, not to go about calling Zubaran a fool; for, as you all know, Diaz, who incurred the disfavor of the chief die swiftly—and terribly."

Gatewood and Hamilton looked at each other questioningly.

"What do you think, Dick?" Hamilton asked, after a moment.

Gatewood grunted. "Talk English," he cautioned. He added in his own language: "What's your idea?"

"They must be talking about the trainload of refugees from Mexico City," Hamilton replied. "There was a rumor about that something had happened to it, and I know that train service on the International was interrupted several days ago."

"And you suggest——"

Hamilton shrugged. "That opportunity is knocking at the door," he finished. "It seems to me that this is just what we've been looking for. The treasure is there, its owners must be dead, and I can't see why we haven't a better right to it than a murdering Mexican bandit chief. Here we are well heeled, with the means to make the venture. It appears to me that we ought to be indicted for criminal carelessness if we let such an opportunity slip thru our fingers."

"I guess you're right, Tracy," admitted Gatewood, thoughtfully. Then, suddenly: "When do we start?"

"Hold on!" protested Hamilton, with a laugh, we can't do this thing just offhand, you know. Lots to arrange."

"All right," Gatewood responded, good-naturedly. "Let's get busy right away, then, and make our plans. The sooner the better. No, no more of that clear heads for this. Mescro! Two narranjadas! I prefer these temperance drinks when there's real business afoot."

Their heads bent across the little table, and in quiet tones they planned for the coming adventure. Neither noticed the sinuous dancer who circled from table to table, making love to one and all with charming impartiality, or the curious glances that she turned upon them from time to time.

Both Gatewood and Hamilton would have laughed if it had been suggested to them that they lived in any atmosphere of rose-tinted romance. yet it is likely that two more picturesque adventurers never dabbled their fingers in American peninsuls. Honduras, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, knew them as Mexico knew them, for they had been in the revolution. Wherever there was fighting or wherever adventure promised, there were the two to be found. Hamilton they wrote, "adventures are to the adventurous," and for a dozen vivid years the comrades, unwittingly, had done the precept, had embroiled themselves in every disturbance from Panama to Rio Grande.

Speaking the language like the natives, and being adepts in the miniature war game of Spanish-America, they were eagerly sought after by

ing, and hold them pending the arrival of the Americans. Dynamite in sufficient quantity for their purpose also was to be ready, safely packed for transportation.

At the "Terminal" railway station they conducted discreet inquiries relative to trains, while the slight patrol of soldados with fixed bayonets tramped the dark street without. The night train from Mexico City was "full," they were told by a curious but polite ticket agent, with a birdlike eye, and by some special providence an extra passenger train would leave within the hour. Why? Perhaps the all-wise Providence knew, senors; but to a despised writer of letters for depreciating Mexican script the information had been denied.

One might venture to take passage? Shrug! One could but try. The price of a ticket at best was little. Many were going.

Gatewood did not press his inquiries with reference to the Heaven-sent "special." He assured himself that nothing to Mexico City to bring down refugees to the coast. All he asked was that it should not be wrecked between Vera Cruz and Orizaba, their destination.

He purchased the tickets, without further parley, and the pair picked up their small bags and boarded the train. They elected to sacrifice comfort and health in the vile atmosphere rather than rouse possible suspicion on the ground of their having sufficient wealth to afford a berth.

"And now!" said Hamilton, as the engine snorted noisily out of the long train shed, "we are off to a good start, I claim that this venture made a new record for speed. It is less than two hours since we learned of the treasure, and we are on our way to it."

"I'm afraid we haven't exactly kept our promise to the fair—or rather dark—lady whose warning we engaged to consider," laughed Gatewood, lighting a cigar and tying his long legs in a knot on the opposite seat.

"At least, we've got a long start on her, if she meditates mischief," Hamilton replied thoughtfully.

"You think that?" queried his companion, curiously.

"That she means mischief? I don't know. There was no reason for her warning us, that I can figure out, unless some friends of hers are on the same lay. Why should she worry about our precious skins?"

"I rather flattered myself that it might have been a case of love at first sight," retorted Gatewood, smiling. "You didn't notice her start violently as she saw my handsome face, did you? No? Perhaps I was mistaken."

Hamilton studied the fiery tip of his cigar soberly.

"I still believe I've heard her name before," he said. "I seem to remember our laughing at a girl's warning, once before, in Honduras. You will recall—"

"Not!" cried his friend. "Forget Honduras! This is Mexico—and don't forget for a minute that fuse beyond a certain rifle up north is God's country, not to mention a certain gentleman named Funston."

Hamilton laughed. "I'm not croaking," he apologized, "I'm just trying to recall what I've heard about a girl named Carmencita Esperanza. However, you're probably right about her. Doubtless I've seen her at the Teatro Principal in some dancing specialty."

He looked out of the window. "Just passing Los Cocos," he announced with dissatisfaction, as a station light flickered past. "For leisurely locomotion, commend me to the Mexican railway engineer. If you'll produce a large enough bet, Dick, I'll get out and race the train to Soledad."

Gatewood yawned sleepily.

"A dollar and a half—Mex!" he murmured. "Don't step onto the track or you'll derail the train."

Some miles behind in Vera Cruz, a handsome brunette—somewhat out of temper—was abusing the birdlike ticket agent. Her expletives were vivid and profuse.

"Son of ten thousand fools!" she concluded. "There was the telephone, was there not? And you have a tongue, have you not? Ordinarily it is long enough. Where is Pedro?"

The telegraph operator made a reluctant appearance and received his share of the beautiful fury's displeasure, to the delight of the agent. That displeasure was not abated a particle when the dancer found herself quite unable to make head or tail of the cipher message signed with Gatewood's name.

"When the storm had blown over the dancing girl demanded a telegraph blank and wrote furiously for a moment.

"Be good enough to send that at once," she commanded, and the humbled operator obediently tapped out the following message:

"Watch two Gringos closely. Suspects. Make no arrests. Expect join you morning train."

The telegram was addressed to Lieutenant Emilio Cabrera at Soledad.

After which, Carmencita Esperanza flounced out of the station, and stepping daintily into an ancient horse-drawn victoria, was driven with all haste to the Hotel Diligencias, which is the best hotel in Vera Cruz—and the worst in the world.

Thus it came to pass that when the "special" reached Soledad, a matter of only forty-two kilometers from Vera Cruz, a detachment of Federal troops, adorned at its head by Lieutenant Luis Cabrera, ordered a halt and the disembarkation of a long line of sleepy passengers.

Gatewood and Hamilton, unsuspicious but alert, watched the scene curiously, standing at ease on the station platform. But when the dapper lieutenant, oiled and perfumed, stepped to their side without hesitation, each had a premonition of evil.

"Americanos?" The young officer's voice was suave and not unmusical.

"Si, senor."

"You are provided with passports?"

It was not a thing to be laughed off.

"Of a certainty, senor," smiled Gatewood. He fumbled in his pocket, and, after an appreciable delay, produced a meal ticket, made out in his name on a New Orleans cafe. This he handed with all solemnity to the mustachioed dandy before him.

Hamilton, not to be outdone, with equal earnestness sought for and found a lodge card, certifying to all whom it might concern that Tracy Hamilton was a member in good standing of the Ancient and Honorable Order of Foresters. As a thing of beauty it far outrivaled Gatewood's meal ticket. The Lieutenant looked them over carefully on both sides, without a smile. Then he handed them back.

"I must ask you, senors, to accompany me to headquarters," he apologized. "Doubtless it will be a stupid mistake for which I shall shortly ask your pardon. But at the moment a poor soldier must do his duty. The senors will consent to accompany me?"

The consent of the senors was given the more readily, by reason of Lieutenant Cabrera's martial following than the Lieutenant's hypocritical politeness. The adventurers realized, without consultation, that discretion at the moment was infinitely better than valor. Chagrin and disappointment gnawed at their hearts, but the glistening bayonets in the moonlight were powerful arguments.

"If we must, we must," bowed Hamilton, courteously. "It is a hardship you work upon us, but your arguments are convincing."

He facetiated the bayonets of the soldiers with a wave of his hand, and the officer smiled his appreciation of the delicate jest.

Alternate shame and humorous resignation perched upon their standards as they marched in column before the station of the polite Lieutenant and his squad, one on either side of their captor, with a line of bayonets before them and a line behind. Each was more than a match for the slight officer; each could—and would—cheerfully have mangled the conceited puppet but for the knowledge that a move in that direction would spell certain death for both. Therefore they moved along obediently, whiling the moments by turning grim jests at the expense of their quarrelative to the disgrace that would be his when they had opportunity for conversation with his superiors. A trifle of explaining for their arrest—or a warrant—would have been worse than useless. They had been arrested in Mexico before.

They passed the hotel, in a corner shop of which, opening directly onto the street, a group of chocolate soldiers—each a counterpart of the Lieutenant at their side—was clicking billiard balls indolently, although it was long past midnight, a number of tawdry courtezans hooted at the captives' heels, despite the lateness of the hour, until they were driven away by the Lieutenant. Under the glaring carbon lights of the hotel cafe

placing of their baggage in the train.

But one person seemed far from satisfied with this arrangement. Hamilton had noticed that Lieutenant Cabrera's eyes followed them avilly as they were released from custody.

While they dined he lingered near by, as tho keeping watch over them, and he scanned the passengers on the arriving train with vast interest. Finally, as the engineer showed signs of leaving, Hamilton noticed him in conversation with an imposing, gold-laced personage, apparently a general, at the very last. Cabrera was showing a yellow telegraph slip and talking earnestly. At length the superior officer nodded a grudging assent, the train had started to pull out. Lieutenant Cabrera made a flying leap and caught the handrail of the last car, his sword banging wildly against the step as he drew himself aboard.

"Dick, I believe that dinky Lieutenant is following us," Hamilton said. "He got on this train at the last minute, and he had some kind of a telegram in his hand. I've a notion that we are still to hear from that young man."

Gatewood smiled. "Oh, well," he yawned, "we've managed to elude him so far and I've a hunch we are playing in luck this trip, so I for one am not going to worry."

He stretched himself comfortably for a nap, intending to make up some of the sleep denied him the night before in jail. Hamilton prepared to follow suit, when he became aware of Lieutenant Luis Cabrera standing, politely bowing, in the aisle.

"I see I am fortunate," smiled the Lieutenant. "To think that I should have the good fortune to have such delightful traveling companions. I trust you have sufficiently forgiven me for my unwilling part in the unfortunate incident of last night to permit me the pleasure of riding in your company."

"Certainly," Gatewood answered, displaying a pleasure he did not feel. "We understand that duty is sometimes unpleasant and we have forgiven you. Pray be seated."

"Speaking of duty," continued the Lieutenant, with artful artlessness, as he seated himself opposite the two friends, "is it not true that it often leads one to perform many unpleasant tasks? I, myself, am disgusted on a matter of the most commonplace sort of army routine, when I much prefer to remain in Soledad, where an affair of the heart urges me to remain." He sighed affectedly. "I am going to Orizaba."

"We are sorry that you cannot accompany us all the way," Hamilton replied politely.

"Ah, then you are going farther?"

"Yes, we are going to the City."

"My good friend, Colonel Alvarado," pursued the Lieutenant, "when he found I was to make the journey, commended me to your society, as most entertaining fellow travelers. He started to tell me your mission, but unfortunately the train refused to wait."

He looked at the companions with just the proper shade of disinterested curiosity.

Manifestly this was an untruth, as the Colonel had stood at the side of Gatewood until the train moved out. However, this was not the time to say so. Consequently Gatewood smiled and consented to be pumped.

"Oh, our mission is rather a secret," he replied, easily. "However, I believe, Lieutenant, that we can intrust it to one of your apparent discretion. We are interested in the importation of high explosives for the army. These"—pointing to their bags—"are our sample cases."

Polite skepticism was apparent, despite the Lieutenant's careful control of his features.

"So interesting," he fenced. "Might I be favored with a glance at some of the samples? I am somewhat of an expert in that line." He indicated the artillery insignia on his sleeve.

Gatewood hesitated. It was Hamilton who saved the day.

"I am very sorry, Lieutenant," he interjected, "but we have been very carefully packed to keep them free from the jar of railway travel, which might explode them, and to open with them, too. I fear it will be impossible to unpack them now."

Lieutenant Cabrera did not press the point, but it was plain he regarded the whole story as just what it was—an invention of his fellow travelers. He changed the subject and chattered idly on various topics until the train slowed down for Orizaba. Then he bade farewell in affectionate terms and arose to take his departure.

"I think we will get out a minute and stretch our legs," Hamilton said, resolving to test the story of Cabrera. Leaving the baggage in the car, they followed the Lieutenant to the station platform.

"I hope that we may meet again," Hamilton remarked politely.

"Doubtless we will," significantly replied Cabrera. "I have a presentiment that we shall see each other soon."

The train began to move slowly and Hamilton, followed by Gatewood, swung aboard.

"Quick, Tracy," Gatewood ordered. "Get our grips onto the platform. I'll watch the tin soldier."

Hamilton sped down the car aisle, while Gatewood cautiously watched the Lieutenant. As the last car rolled by him, the soldier leaped aboard its rear platform. Hamilton reappeared with the luggage.

"Off we go on the other side," Gatewood directed briskly. The train was beginning to gather speed. They leaped and luckily landed on their feet. The train sped by, gathering momentum every second.

As the last car roared past, the face of Lieutenant Cabrera, surprised and furious, was seen on the back platform. For a moment he appeared about to jump from it, but the train was going too fast. He bowed mockingly to the two by the track, and looked back, his face twisted into a snarl, as the train bore him out of sight.

CHAPTER IV.
CARLOTTA.

"NOW for action—quick action!" said Gatewood, briskly. "We've shown our hand to this fellow and he'll be back hot foot, perhaps from the next station. If we could only depend on his being carried as far as Esmeralda, we'd have time and enough to spare."

They hastened thru the station and

into the main street of Orizaba. A decrepit carriage and pair stood at the curbing, a withered old man standing guard at the horses' heads. At sight of Gatewood his ancient face broke into a smile of welcome, a thousand wrinkles intersecting each other from jowl to forehead. His greeting—voluble and Spanish—indicated delight.

"My friend, Hernandes, of whom I have spoken," Gatewood briefly explained. Hamilton, grasping the half-breed's hand firmly, was surprised to encounter a pressure almost as vigorous as his own.

"The burros await you, senors," announced the ancient. "Your business is small concern of mine, but I have guessed that it is not such as will send you riding boldly thru the high street. The mules await you at the pass beyond the waterworks, where none may observe your start."

"Good for you, Hernandes!" Gatewood exclaimed heartily. "I knew we could depend on you to do it right! Every thing is provided as I suggested?"

"Even as senors, I, Pedro, in plenty, and the dynamite sticks, which doubtless you intend to use for the capture of wild fowl, or quail, or wild turkey." He laughed heartily at his jest and added: "My son Rafael is with them. You will be able to tell him from the burros; he wears a hat." And again he cackled merrily.

The comrades praised the old man's arrangements, climbed into the rickety carriage, and were driven away to the outskirts of the town. There they pressed a number of gold-pieces into Hernandes' palm and proceeded on foot to the appointed place.

An undersized youth, flat of face and nimble of tongue and foot, toiled across one of the four burros, idly flicking at flies with a switch. From time to time he spat accurately onto the flank of the patient beast nearest his own. As they approached he curoled lithingly the ballad of the soldier who loved the executioner's daughter. The adventurers regarded him with amusement for a moment and then made known their presence. Rafael sat up with a start and blushed as warmly as his tanned skin permitted. Then he slid down from his perch and salaamed, tattered hat in hand.

"I have awaited you," he said simply. "At my father's orders I am to give you these mules. If you will have me, I have my father's permission to accompany you."

"The devil you have!" Hamilton eyed the urchin with grim amusement.

"I shall not be needed at home for a time," persisted the undaunted Rafael. "I am strong and brave. I have killed snakes and lions and some day I shall kill a man."

"No doubt," replied Gatewood, kindly.

As the Last Car Rolled by Him the Soldier Leaped Aboard.

"And a very proper sentiment, Rafael. But we are going into perils for which you are rather young. It would be a pity if so bold a lion and snake hunter were to perish before his time."

The shrewd youngster smiled appreciatively, and then produced from his ragged garments a blue steel revolver with the celerity of a conjurer's trick. The suddenness of the proceeding left the two gasping. Hamilton raised his hands in mock terror.

"See!" commanded Rafael, impatiently. "There is a bird on the low branch yonder. Presto!" He fired, scarcely appearing to aim. "Lo, there is no longer a bird on the branch."

He ran rapidly for about a hundred yards and returned with a smear of clotted feathers—the bird.

Gatewood and Hamilton broke into a ripple of applause, and the former said to the latter: "Good kid, Tracy. I met the young devil several years ago, and he was clever beyond his years then. He must be a wonder now. What he says about his father is probably true. I'm in favor of taking him."

"No objection here if you vote for him," Hamilton responded, and the happy tidings were communicated to the young marksman.

"You shall not regret, senors," Rafael assured them. "Some day I shall save your lives. Some day I shall blow to pieces the bandit Zuharan, as you saw me slay the yellow bird. Is it an adventure you seek? Or a great treasure? And shall I not have a share in the profits? Then I must pay my part."

He dived into his ragged breeches and produced his entire wealth—two dollars in Mexican currency, which he deposited in Gatewood's hand. The latter received it as solemnly and transferred it to his pocket.

"We win or lose together," he declaimed dramatically. "Lead on, Rafael, and be careful not to drop that young cannon of yours on your toes." The boy sprang to the back of one of the two pack mules.

Gatewood and Hamilton bestrode the two unloaded animals, and the procession started. Immediately Rafael took the lead.

"Where are you going, senors?" he called back. "I know most of the trails, and perhaps I can lead you by a shorter path."

"Darn good idea, at that," smiled Gatewood to Hamilton. "I foresee that this young person is going to prove invaluable as guide, as groom, as forager and as defender of the faithful. We are going to the big tunnel, Rafael, a day's ride beyond the black cross."

The urchin's startled eyes met theirs questioningly for a moment, and then swung into the trail. For a time there was no further conversation. The sun shone down hotly, and tiny clouds of dust rose from beneath the burros' heels as they trilled spiritedly forward.

The path led spirally upward for a time; a fine view was encountered and crossed. Below it tinkled a tiny waterfall, zigzagging downward to a green carroyo. The trail now turned from the valley, their tips only a trifle below the level of the bridge. Then trees closed around the new path, and the trail became an indistinct ribbon in the tangle of underbrush, thru which the youthful guide pushed, doggedly and familiarly.

Suddenly the dense vegetation fell behind, and they emerged onto a narrow ledge, skirting the edge of a gloomy barranca. One thousand feet below a torrent of water rushed and boiled. Jagged rocks led downward to the scene of this natural disturbance and gaunt trees frustrated the barren scheme like sinister exclamations.

"Lovely place for a spill," murmured Hamilton, gazing downward fascinated.

Gatewood only grunted, but the Mexican boy grinned amiably and shuddered pleasantly in appreciation of Hamilton's remark.

The journey continued. Both Gatewood and Hamilton, for all their experience in Latin-America, rode cautiously and depended on their small mounts to take care of their masters as well as themselves. Rafael, however, whistled and sang and enjoyed himself immensely.

The ledge terminated abruptly, and they struck into the brush again, emerged for a short ride across a miniature plateau, and then toiled painfully to the first ridge. The descent was perilous, but more rapid than had been the upward climb, and at the base of the mountain there was a pleasant, if slow, journey along the shaded, pebbled shore of a swift-flowing mountain stream. Their mounts slid and slithered over the smooth, flat stones curiously, and at a suitable point they forded the small river and began to ascend on the other side.

They had left Orizaba far behind, and dusk was coming on. A gloomy canyon loomed ahead, toward the far end of which they proposed to camp for the night. It was an uncanny spot, even to the invaluable Rafael. Superstition, one of the paradoxes of vice Mexico, was deeply rooted in the young lad, and for him, at nightfall, horrid shapes lurked behind every rock and tree.

When this became apparent to the friends, Hamilton grinned and rode into the lead, thus relieving the boy from his revolver in its holster; "I am more afraid of bandits hereabouts than Aztec ghosts."

For half an hour, perhaps, the lonely ride continued, and then Hamilton's mount stumbled short, almost sending its rider over its head.

The next instant a revolver sang spitefully in the darkness ahead and a bullet whistled past Hamilton's ear. The burro shied sharply and the rider hurriedly dismounted, taking up a position on the near side of the little animal. Gatewood and Rafael were already out of the saddle, each drawn revolvers, and all three peered ahead into the darkness.

It was a tense moment, but after that first shot no further sound broke the silence. Three pairs of eyes were strained for the snapping of a twig or a footstep. None came.

Gatewood stole cautiously forward to Hamilton's side.

"What do you make of it?" he whispered.

"Blessed if I know!" replied his friend, in puzzled tones. "Whoever our friend is he nearly winged me. But look here, Gatewood, I wasn't a forty-five, or even a thirty-eight!"

"That's right," breathed Gatewood. "Sounded like a toy gun. But the shot was hostile, all right. I heard the lead sing."

"I almost felt it," said Hamilton.

At that instant the moon emerged from behind a cloud and flooded the dark canyon with a silver light. At the same moment Gatewood started.

"My God! Look!" he whispered. "There—behind that big rock—something

See That Hump?

By Will Gage Carey

THIS is the last of this series of humorous stories. They have been exceedingly popular and later we shall have other stories by the same author. Perhaps you will like them even better.

IT WOULD be useless for me to start out with the statement that all ball players are supestitious; you know that well enough yourself. It's in the blood. This brings me down to the story of a game between the Mackeburg Mackerels and the Dare-devils of Dawson's Dells; a game which left one of these two notable teams, for the time being, physically and financially defunct.

The Mackerels played in a different league from the one in which Dawsonville Dells was represented by the Dare-devils; frankly, they were a faster bunch, and played classier ball. Our manager had no business, really, in taking them on at all. But the Macks' manager was a friend of his in school and, of course, being in, we went prepared to show at least a flash of form, for thinking you might perhaps be from Macksburg." Then, to show that no hard feelings existed, he placed his hand on the young man's shoulder, from which position it passed (as tho by mere accident) down across the stranger's hump, where it lingered for a fleeting interval. "Well, I hope you see a good game," he said finally, and was about to pass on, when a sudden notion seized upon him, and he went up close to the youthful visitor again.

Now, as you may have surmised, the interest displayed by S. Cohn was not due to the mere fact that the youth was a stranger, that he had come to see the game—true this was from St. Johns. Interest was aroused solely because of the hump; for, as you must know, to those superstitiously inclined, nothing is quite so conducive to bringing a run of good luck as the casual rubbing of a hunchback's hump. Our manager had accomplished this, and as a consequence was feeling well satisfied with himself and his prospects in general, when it suddenly occurred to him that it would be a wise move on his part to sort of spread this oasis of good luck around more promiscuously. He got down to business at once.

"Well, son," he said, "how'd you like to see the game this afternoon—and make ten dollars, too?"

"Me?"

"Certainly, you."

"What d'yuh mean?"

S. Cohn leaned over closer, confidentially, meanwhile rubbing the hump again for good measure. "I mean this: Our bat boy quit us; I'll give you ten dollars in advance to take his place this afternoon."

The youth squinted up his little eyes shrewdly at this and grinned. "Rather big pay for a bat boy, what?" he asked.

"We've got a lot of bats," S. Cohn answered him. "Besides, you can help earn the ten in another way, too."

"How?"

"Well, get out and sort of mix among the crowd; I'll have a good place a few small bets on this afternoon's game—you can tip off any long odds you come across to me, see?"

"Why, yes; I could do that all right."

"Good—good for you, son!" responded the manager, clapping his hand jovially against the hump. "Good for you! Now, here's the ten-spot; you be at the ball park by 2 o'clock, hear me?"

"Yuh betcha."

"And in the meantime—well, you might just sort of mix amongst the home crowd some, and let 'em know, quiet-like, that if they feel like putting up a little money on the Daredevils to win, why, I wouldn't advise them against it. Remember—I o'clock—at the ball park?"

"I gotcha!" was the cheery response from the youthful visitor, who now hastened on down the street with the pleasant intent of bowing in a portion of his easily acquired salary.

Now, S. Cohn, manager of the Dawson's Dells Dare-devils, was not the kind to keep a good thing all to himself—especially if, by spreading it, his own interests would in all probability be bettered. So he told around town of the hunchback's visit, where he could be found, and advised, sagely, that the young man's acquaintance be cultivated; in short, that he be shown a good time—for the best interests of all concerned. As a result of all this, the young gentle-

At the End of the Seventh the Score Was 7 to 0.

man from St. Johns soon found that he had become as popular in Dawson's Dells as a handsome barkeeper at a chorus girls' picnic; all of which sudden attention he accepted with perfectly good grace.

There were those who insisted upon escorting him about town, showing him all points of interest, buying him cigars and soft drinks—and now and then clapping him good-naturedly upon the hump! Shortly before 1 o'clock he tore himself away from his attentive and demonstrative acquaintances and hurried away to the ball park. And it was just about this time that the Dawson's Dells sports began betting heavily on their team to win, taking every wager the eager Macks had to offer.

When the youth from St. Johns reached the park, our team was out on the diamond for practice. S. Cohn met him, and graciously escorted him to a seat on the players' bench. Our pitcher—Squint Boner—was out on the mound at that moment, warming up. He took a good look at the newcomer, dropped his ball on the ground and walked over to the bench. He sat down close by the hunchback, and after he remarked by throwing his arm over the youth's shoulder, and against the hump below, "I've seen you before some place, somewhere—some time, ain't I?"

The newly acquired bat boy indulged in his habitual grin. "I dunno; mebbe," he answered.

"Well, I'm 'most sure I have," went on Squint. Then, realizing almost all the good luck possible under the circumstances, he arose, with the observation: "But I may be mistaken, at that. It sort of seemed at first as tho I was 'most certain I knew you."

In the course of the next half hour every player on the team, under one pretext or another, found occasion to visit the bench, and to manage in some manner to rub against the visitor's hump. By the time of the game's start we were so confident—so charged full of "good luck"—we'd have tackled the New York Giants.

Now, when a team's feeling like that—believing they are unbeatable—it is no easy matter to stop 'em. We went into those Mackerels like a big armored "tank" taking a trench, and the blight Bill Squint seemed to have everything; he mowed 'em down as fast as they could get up to the plate. And the way we slaughtered that ball was a sin! The home crowd, in the grand stand and bleachers, were in a delirium of wild delight. It was fine and dandy for them to see us trounce the cheesty Macks. Then, too, they were cleaning up big money, while betting us humble them to the dust. Oh, fine! And our new bat boy! Say, for the time being he was king of Dawson's Dells. At the end of the seventh the score was 7-0—with the Mackerels on the hook-end of the line!

Then things happened.

Either Squint Boner "blew" sky high—or else those Mackerels had suddenly been stalling all the way. Anyhow, in their half of the seventh each of the first three batters up got on base. Then a big slugger came up and slammed the ball over the fence for a clean-up! Then, responding to a hot grounder, the shortstop came up and slammed the ball over the fence for a clean-up! Then, responding to a high fly, the pitcher came up, the stand, they repeated the same thing over again—a home run, with bases full—by, it was thought, a miracle! Four runs in one inning, and still going great guns with none out! Perhaps they didn't want to be disappointed, but they began to sag just at the season's start. Anyhow, they sort of let up again then, and only made one more and then whenever the notion struck 'em.

Did we lose? Nearly. The game ended with the score 9 to 8—7, favor of the Mackerels of Macksburg.

There was a weeping and gnashing of teeth; and reproaches showered on roosters; and much paying over of good gold coin; and a great deal of noise and rejoicing; but over the head of the hunchback, who chose to make a Roman holiday of the occasion.

Well, in our clubhouse, sadly and sorrowfully getting into our street attire, when the sporting editor of the Dawson's Dells Clarion came rushing in upon us.

"Cohn," he exclaimed, "where's that wonderful, world-beatin' mascot of yours?"

"What d'you mean?" snapped our manager.

"I mean that hunchback bat boy."

"I don't know where he went to," answered Cohn, coldly. "If I had my way, I know where I'd like to have him go to—"

"I didn't see him after the first of the seventh," broke in Squint Boner. "He ducked jes' about that time, and——"

"Then he had more sense than you did!" spoke up Cohn, in scathing tones. "Oh, of!" He buried his head in his hands and groaned.

"Listen here, Cohn," went on the sporting editor, "there's somethin' phony about that hunchback——"

"You bet there is!" replied our manager. "Don't tell me."

"Right after the game," went on the

(Continued on Page 20.)

white! It's a girl, Tracy, or I'm a Dutchman!"

"The devil!" Hamilton started forward.

"Not so fast," Gatewood restrained him. "She may not be alone—and we're not absolutely sure it is a girl."

He raised his voice and called out in Spanish:

"Who is it that fires at peaceable travelers without warning?"

A sharply intaken breath was the only reply to this query. He repeated the question, varying its form.

"We are your friends," he added.

A slight figure stole from behind the rock, and advanced timidly.

"If you are quite alone you have nothing to fear," Hamilton said kindly.

Unwittingly he spoke in English, and a sob answered his speech. He sprang forward to the query, and at his heels as the girl staggered forward a few steps and reeled.

"Must be wounded," remarked Gatewood, puzzled.

"Or fagged out," Hamilton replied. He caught her arm. She fell against him with a frightened gasp, and swayed, fainting.

"Hell!" muttered Hamilton in rough sympathy, as he gathered her into his arms. "Here's where we camp. Somebody build a fire."

Gatewood turned an electric torch on the girl's face while Hamilton forced the mouth of a brandy flask between her teeth.

"What a beautiful creature!" said the former, wonderingly.

Hamilton only gazed, fascinated, at the wonderful face which rested on his breast. Rafael, his mind completely rid of ghostly imaginings, had been exploring. His voice rose in triumph.

"See what I have found, senora," and he stepped into the circle of light, presenting proudly for inspection a tiny, pearl-handled revolver of the smallest caliber. Hamilton took it from him and dropped it into his pocket.

This strange meeting leads to a startling revelation in the next installment of this story, and has an important bearing on their quest. It will appear in next Week's Ledger, dated January 5.

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Back to Normal.

"I AM glad Christmas is over!" declared Peters, fervently, as he returned a borrowed punch bowl to his neighbor, Mrs. Matters, and received a returned soup tureen. "I can go back to my desk now and begin straightening it up.

"Every man's desk becomes demoralized about Christmas time. I'd really like to go at it with a shovel, but I can't. There are calendars and pen wipers and letter openers that people will be watching, to see whether I fire them into the waste basket. So I have to wait a few months to get rid of most of them away. No doubt it will be almost December again before I can the last calendar. Then I'll have a lovely breathing spell before the new Christmas litter.

"I understand," responded Mrs. Matters. "It's the same way with the children. Their grandparents arrive at Christmas time, and immediately and with deliberation set to work to ruin the children. They work at it all during the holidays, and when the little ones are so horribly spoiled that there is no living with them, the grandparents pick up and pack their grips and go home, leaving me to straighten out the children single-handed and, as you say, get them back to normal."

"That's right," agreed Mr. Peters, congenially. "The grandparents don't care how much they spoil the children. They know they can leave when the pressure becomes too strong. You can always depend on a grandparent to pull that old stuff about 'never being a child but once,' and 'let 'em get what they're young,' 'what's nothing, it won't hurt the carpet, it doesn't show at all,' 'what's a little bit,' 'let 'em have anything—anything' and 'you were a kid once yourself.' I know all about grandparents. They get you to let your kids ride, and they applaud everything the kids do until the youngsters think that anything good and devil take the rest of folks."

"That's so," agreed Mrs. Matters, without much enthusiasm, because she really wanted to tell it herself. "And, as you say, it takes about a year to get the children straightened out again, and just when you have them get them to a point where living with them is endurable, back come the grandparents to spoil them again. And you have another year's job to face."

"I know exactly how it is," agreed Peters. "It's quite easy for the grandparents to be able to come along and enjoy unspoiled children for a week or two every Christmas and then get away before there are any consequences. But wait until you and I are grandparents! Then we'll have our turn."

Mrs. Matters and Mr. Peters smiled happily and contentedly.

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A Giver.

"Are you going to make any gifts?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Growcher. "I'm going to give the canary bird to the cat. Then I'm going to give the cat to the dog and then I'm going to give the dog to the poundmaster."

The Twelve Coins of Confucius

By Harry Stephen Keeler

The Eccentric Chinese Professor Himself Admitted Barton.

What Happened Up to This Time

JASON BARTON, reporter on the Chicago Evening Dispatch, is called into the office of Braithwaite, city editor, and given the well-nigh impossible task of getting an interview with the Princess O Lora Seng, daughter of the Emperor of China, or lose his job. (The events are supposed to occur in the year 1915.) The young Princess is in Chicago, and is making a world tour with the prime minister, Li Hwei Teung, and his wife. So far the Princess has given an interview to no one. Just as Barton is leaving, the city editor adds another assignment—looking into the case of a Chinese laundryman who had been stabbed to death, apparently in a tong war. Barton stops on his way to see Charles Fawcett, an old friend and brilliant newspaper man who has let liquor get the best of him. Getting the other's promise to reform, make himself presentable and look for a position, Barton lends him some money and goes on to Sam Toy's laundry. The Chinaman was found with a paintbrush in hand, as if trying to write a message. Barton finds a laundry ticket, with strange characters in the ledge of the transom, where it has evidently blown when the door has been opened. This he takes to the University of Chicago to have it deciphered by Professor Chan Fu, for whom he leaves half of the ticket. At the Hotel Rydenour, where the Princess is stopping, he is told she will see no one. Learning her suite is on the fourteenth floor, Barton takes the elevator to the fifteenth, and, by using the fire-escape soon finds himself in the corridor of the Princess' suite. He knocks and is admitted. The Princess talks freely to Barton concerning many things and shows her views are radical and modern and reveals that the prime minister hates all things American. Barton expresses great admiration for her and gives her his telephone number. She tells him that Chu Li Yuan, an aged Chinese, flogged because he desired to wed her had stolen the great Chinese treasure, the twelve coins of Confucius. Her description of Chu coincides with that of the slain laundryman. Li Hwei Teung tries to bribe Barton to suppress the interview and, failing, visits Braithwaite, whom he recognizes as being a fugitive from England. Braithwaite agrees to suppress the interview and orders Barton to go to Washington after another story. Barton, loath to leave the coin mystery unsolved, induces Fawcett to go in his place.

You now have a synopsis of what has gone before and can go on with the story from here. In case you want the previous chapters in full, the story was begun in No. 49, December 8. Back issues may be obtained from news dealers, our agents or by mail direct from the office of publication.

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CHAPTER XII.

VOICES ON THE WIRE.

WITH the ends of the loose tie trailing over his shoulders, Fawcett gazed blankly at his visitor. "Not—not kidding me, are you, Jason? Do you mean to say——"

"Exactly," retorted the younger man. "Tie up that tie and listen to me. First: Do you know Reedy, Carstairs, McClintock, Hempfield or Van Slyke—the Washington correspondents for the Chicago papers?"

Fawcett shook his head vehemently. "No, Jason. Don't know any of 'em."

"Good," commented Barton, decidedly. "Neither do I." Hastily he related the brief facts of his interview with Braithwaite, not wasting any time by going into details as to what his "story" was about. And he finished: "So you see, Charlie, that Paul can get you just in time. You lope down to Washington with my credential paper, tell Carstairs that you're Jason H. Barton, write up whatever Carstairs tells you to take care of, and shoot the stuff back each day. When the Oregon trial is all over, back you come. If my story works out to anything like I hope it may, I'll go to Braithwaite myself and confess my share of the deception; but if by some chance it should fizzle, I'll lie low till we come back. Then you and I'll march into Braithwaite's office—fresh from Washington! Sound good, old man?"

"But listen to me, boy," put in the older man, uneasily. "You're a fool to chuck this chance for any story. It means an opportunity to meet some of the biggest Senators in the capital. Don't know what you've got up your sleeve, but drop it. Never mind about me, God knows I'd like the chance—and under any conditions I'd turn back to you half of the salary money they send on. But——"

"But me no buts," returned Barton, firmly. "And you'll send back no money—except perhaps the ten I lent you. That's final." He stooped down and dragged from beneath the bed the other's leather suitcase; then an empty traveling bag with gaping mouth. "Do we pack in a hurry—or don't we?" he asked with his hand on it.

"We pack," said Fawcett, quietly. "I won't let you back out now, Jason, even if you want to. That Washington job is mine—and I pay nothing for the use of your name. Nothing—remember that."

While Fawcett finished his toilet, Barton packed the other's few belongings hurriedly into the two leather containers. His watch showed the time to be twenty minutes after two; so he gave his instructions while he packed. In ten minutes the room was bare and the suitcase and traveling bag stood in the middle of the floor.

Down in the office Fawcett handed in his key to the greasy-looking man in the shirt sleeves, and together he and Barton entered the taxicab, still waiting at the curbing. The driver of the LaSalle street station took a full fifteen minutes on account of a traffic jam at Adams street; so Barton himself carried the suitcase over to the baggage counter while Fawcett secured the ticket and Pullman for him. The Washington Flyer was drawn up on track six, the engine coupled to it, the smokestack smoking in the train shed.

Rejoined by Fawcett, and the suitcase checked thru, Barton passed thru the iron gates with the colored man and saw him on the smoker. Then he stood outside on the platform, talking up to the other in the coach. In fact, it was at least eight minutes of three when Fawcett, evidently recollecting something he had forgotten after "one more," left the window still further and beckoned the younger man close to the coach.

"I've got your business cards, Jason, but I might have forgotten the credential paper," he said in a low voice. "Slip it up to me. Also, you haven't told me what hotel I'm at and Carstairs at. I'll have a devil of a time locating him around the big Capitol building between the time the train gets in and the trial starts."

Barton scratched his head, struck by the fact of the credential paper. "Charlie," he replied quickly, glancing again at his watch, "I didn't forget the matter of the credential paper. I slipped it in the suitcase—in the pocket back of the shirt straps. But I did forget about Carstairs' hotel, tho." His wrinkled his brows, stepping aside as a baggage truck bearing Fawcett's suitcase bore down upon him and rolled up to the open door of the baggage car. He looked up. "Strange thing, too, that that matter didn't occur to me before. Watch in hand, he thought quickly for a moment. "Old man, we've got seven minutes till the train pulls out. I'll beat it back to the waiting-room, call up Braithwaite, tell him I'm just ready to board the Flyer, and ask him about that matter. And it'll help to lend a bona fide appearance to this stunt of mine." He spun quickly on his heel. "If I fail to get back in time, you'll have to connect with Carstairs around the Capitol building some way. But I'll do my best to be back here before the train pulls out. So long, old man."

With a final nod to the gloomy Fawcett, now lolling back in his seat with an unlighted cigar in his mouth, Barton hurried back along the platform and into the big waiting-room. There he found all six telephone booths filled with people, and he fumed angrily up and down for a minute, until the occupant of one came out. Whereupon he hurried into it, and closing the door on the heavy, foul air, he dropped a nickel in the slot and asked for Central 444.

A clicking ensued. The voice that answered he recognized at once as that of the girl switchboard operator in the Dispatch office.

"Mr. Braithwaite, please."

"Sorry," she said, "but Mr. Braithwaite's line is busy. Will you call again, or shall I hold the wire? Any one else?"

"Listen, Nelly," put in Barton eagerly, "this is Jason Barton of the editorial rooms. I'm at the depot supposed to leave for Washington in seven minutes, and Braithwaite's forgotten to give me all my instructions. I've got to talk to him. The baggage is on the train and the bells are ringing now. Please break him off, Nelly—quick!"

The girl seemed to be in some indecision. "I'll tell you what I'll do," she returned quickly. "I can't cut him off—but I'll cut you into his conversation and you can get what you want and make your train. Who cut her-self off as she made some change on the switchboard that threw Barton squarely into another connection.

He had just opened his mouth to shout: "Listen, Braithwaite, it's me, Barton," when he stifled his words even as they trembled on his tongue. Braithwaite was talking, but the startling thing about that fact was that he was talking of no one but Barton himself.

"I fixed Barton, Ling," he was saying. "I got him off to Washington with a raise and a commission, and it will be several days before he will know that the interview is killed. Then it will be what we term old stuff. Also, I've got his notebook, all his copy and the Princess' signature, so I'll be able to get these all to you if you will come here—or shall I send a boy over to the Rydenour with them?"

Barton gasped when he heard the voice of Li Hwei Teung in the receiver.

"That is unnecessary, Gryce. Li Hwei Teung compliments you on your clever workmanship." The voice ceased for an instant. "But what will you tell him when he does learn the truth?"

Gryce! Barton wondered dazedly if he had heard aright.

"I'll simply have to jolly him—even if it means still more salary for a while. I intend, tho, to tell him that international complications arose after saw the Chinese consul, and that the thing had to be suppressed. Don't fear, Ling. I have hushed it up for good. It hurt me to do it—it was a remarkable interview and I've done everything you asked. You—you are satisfied?"

"Quite satisfied," came back the voice of the Oriental in the 'phone. "As to the three articles you mentioned, I shall leave it to you to destroy them all. I think you understand the situation correctly. You have done very well. We leave the city day after tomorrow, and while I shall get the Chicago papers in San Francisco, I believe this is the end of it. Good-by —Gryce."

As the clicking sounded forth, Barton, too, hung up his receiver and strode from the booth, hot and perspiring. Far down the track the engine bell on Number Six was ringing, white-capped porters were pulling in their stools, brass-buttoned trainmen were shouting "All Aboard!" But Barton was oblivious to it all.

"The sly devil of—of—of a Braithwaite!" he choked in suppressed rage. "The sly devil! Shooting me off to Washington and killing that whole interview." He stared dumfoundedly into space. "Gryce—Braithwaite—Tung—Ling!" The train on track six, with a screaming of axles, pulled out and rolled away over the sunlight-covered railroad yards. "But it's Fawcett that's on his way to Washington," Barton said grimly to himself, "and not little innocent Jason Barton. The latter's on his way to the offices of the Chicago Sun—and he's thinking that that interview, signature and all, will be on the news stands tomorrow morning."

He jostled his way thru the waiting-room of the depot, and, taking a taxicab out in front, drove straight to the offices of the Sun.

CHAPTER XIII.

PROFESSOR CHAN FU SPEAKS.

ARRIVING at the Sun offices, Barton went straight upstairs to the city room, and sent in his card to the city editor by an ink-smudged copy boy. The city editor, however, proved to be busy with a visitor. Nothing daunted, Barton left the city room, and, proceeding along the outer corridor, turned the handle of a ground glass door which bore the words, "T. L. Britton, Proprietor and Editor-in-chief." The room that he entered was filled with waiting people, held in submission by an office boy with a baleful glare in his eye. This time, however, Barton didn't send in his plain card to the inner office, but wrote carefully on the back of it: "The man who interviewed the Princess O Lora Seng." Then he dropped into the nearest chair and waited.

The office boy appeared a moment

later, and beckoned him in. "Mr. Britton says 'will see you,'" was the precious information which he vouchsafed, to the consternation of the other waiting occupants.

Barton walked in. The office boy closed the door behind him. At a desk near the window sat an elderly man with white hair; on his nose were a pair of gold-rimmed eyeglasses from which peered two keen pairs of gray eyes. Thru a pair of great folding doors at the side of the room Barton could hear the muffled click of the typewriters, coming from the city room on the other side. Britton was holding the slip of white pasteboard, and he scrutinized his visitor carefully.

"Do I understand, Mr. Barton," he said quietly, "that you have secured an interview with the Princess O Lyra Seng? I see by your card that you're with the Dispatch."

Whereupon Barton, with a half-smile, drew up a chair close to the other's desk, and proceeded to relate the whole happenings of the day, from the moment that Braithwaite of the Dispatch had told him to get busy, down to the point where he could not achieve the unachievable, to the moment that he had heard the latter walking over the 'phone for a Chinese minister. This time, however, he didn't omit to tell the whole bizarre story of the Twelve Coins of Confucius, the dead Chinese laundryman, and the mysterious red ticket with the hieroglyphics upon it. This was but at Chicago University.

Minute after minute rolled along. Britton, leaning far back on his elbows, was rapt. Outside in the anteroom, people fidgeted and fidgeted and continued to send in cards to the Chief. Britton sent out word by the office boy that he could see no one. The clock ticked steadily, interminably, on the wall. Its hands had pointed to 2 when Barton entered the inner office. It was 5:30 when the other man finally stood up and put his hand on Barton's shoulder. The envelope containing the carbon copy of the Princess' letter stood torn open on Britton's desk, the leaves strewn about where the Sun owner had run his trained eye over them. The duplicate of the Princess' signature which she had given Barton for his own personal possession was pinned under a glass paperweight near by.

"Of course you're part of the Sun machine after this," he said, "but we've used men like you, Barton. Tour time starts from 8 o'clock this morning. Forty a week at first, and perhaps more if you can uncover this." Britton paused. "Now, boy, this is big stuff. Get out on this assignment, get rid of it and bring in another such story. Don't delay. The cashier will be putting you on the books as soon as I've gone." He opened one of the drawers of his desk, withdrawing a packet of colored cards. From it he selected a pink card. "Take this—it's a taxicab charge card, good until midnight tonight. Use it on charge everything to the Sun. And good luck."

When Barton left Britton's office he was trembling. Half an hour later he entered his taxicab once more and had himself driven straight to the Illinois Central suburban station at the foot of Van Buren street. He charged the whole thing by means of the pink ticket Britton had given him. Twenty-five minutes had boarded a train for Fifty-seventh street, wondering what sort of results he would get when he sent thru the aid of Professor Chan Fu, now that the latter had returned to the university.

He left the train and started across the grassy campus toward the faculty building. Even before he had reached he saw a closed carriage draw up in front of it and a figure dismount. It was a tall figure, dressed in the most gorgeous of Chinese robes, flashing in the afternoon sun, gave forth the rich colors of green and red and gold. On his head was a quaint black cap, and his eyes great bornshell glasses that even at the distance made him appear like some colored tropical bird. From his upper lip two branches of a jet-black, silky mustache hung clear below his chin, like trifled lines.

Barton quickened his pace, for he recognized that tall figure immediately. It was Chan Fu himself, the eccentric and learned exchange professor from Peking University, Pekin.

It took him another minute to reach the faculty building. Fu had already ascended the steps and disappeared. After inquiries from a student clerk the whereabouts of Chan Fu's suite, Barton took the elevator to the third floor and knocked on the old-fashioned door. The Chinese professor himself answered it. Barton, peering thru the opening into the room behind, could see the latter had just finished reading his letter, for the envelope stood torn open on the table and the half of Sam Toy's red laundry ticket was grasped in the Professor's fingers.

Barton bowed. "Professor Fu, my name is Jason H Barton. You perhaps remember me. I see, also, that you have received my short note—requesting a favor."

The Chinese threw open the door widely, exposing to Barton a gaze a small library fitted with a heavy studded mahogany table, a few easy chairs of dark leather, and a great bookcase whose volumes were shut off from view by a green silk curtain embroidered with a great gold dragon.

"Please to enter, Mr. Barton," he commanded in very precise language. "I have just returned from a fatiguing directors' meeting of the Field Museum, and am more than interested by your letter."

Barton stepped inside and dropped into an easy chair. Then, with a start, how, he felt a little nervous. Chan Fu closed the door, and, returning to the table, deposited into a chair across from the reporter, where he studied the younger man curiously. Then he took up the red slip.

"Honorable Barton, if I may ask without seeming unduly curious, may I inquire as to where this came from?"

"Well," rejoined Barton, pleasantly, "I may say that I found it while out on some newspaper work."

The Chinaman smiled, and stirred slightly in his gold robes. "I see," he remarked in very polite tones. "Indeed? Then may I ask if you have already had a translation of it—and have perhaps come to me to corroborate what you have received?"

Barton shook his head. "No, Professor, I have plenty of reasons for which I prefer not a translation, but none so convenient as you. I remembered our pleasant interview of some months ago, when I was out on the Illinois Central." He paused. He glanced meaningly at his watch. "And you will at least stay to dinner with me?"

"Indeed, yes," said Chau Fu. "But may I ask but one mere question—without offending you, if you prefer not—where is that?"

Barton stirred uneasily in his chair. "That, Professor, came into my possession while working on a newspaper story. At the time I brought

Adventure, Love and War

THESE three elements in a story always insure that it will be interesting, which is a mild word to express a new serial, "His Red Cross Sweetheart," which will make its debut in the Ledger on Saturday, January 3. Right off the reel you meet the hero in a desperate situation, adrift at sea in a boat with three sailors, a woman and a child following the sinking by a floating mine of the steamship on which they were passengers. If you are interested in swift-action stories don't miss "His Red Cross Sweetheart."

this out to you, the remaining half"—he paused, and then went on, lying resolutely—"the other half hadn't come into my possession then. It's now all mine. Had I felt sure of finding you I would have brought it along—but I decided to come out and find no one had left, and secure a translation somewhere else."

Fu nodded. "I see," he said casually. His eyes roved over the slip of red paper. "The words themselves are of little interest," he pronounced. "They appear to be only a part of a poem. But the characters are characters used only by an educated man, and I am not whether you would have secured a translation, honorable Barton, thru ordinary channels. They read merely, translated idiomatically, 'The Twelve Coins of Confucius are'—and there they stop." He looked at the man across from him, but veiled his eyes behind his lids.

"So it seems to be part of a poem, Professor," Barton meditated. "The Twelve Coins of Confucius are—That's rather odd. What are the Twelve Coins of Confucius?"

Chan Fu leaned over the red slip to him and stifled a perceptible yawn. "I could tell you much of Kong-Fu-Tse," he said, shrugging his shoulders. "But the Twelve Coins of Kong-Fu-Tse sounds rather puzzling even to me." He glanced up at the onyx clock on the bookcase. "Pardon me, honorable Mr. Barton. Suppose you bring in that other half, and we'll run over it together and see what light it throws upon what he is driving at. I am curious—and so are you. Also, the characters are long characters—they are of a special alphabet used only by learned men in our country. I am more than glad to give you my services, I assure you, in this puzzle. There might be something of interest there."

Barton rose hastily. He tucked the half-ticket carelessly in his coat pocket. He was trembling with eagerness, but carefully restrained from showing it. "I'll be glad to do that, Professor Fu. I'll be back later and bring you the other half, if you'll help me out."

"Indeed I shall," said the other, rising. "I am very grateful to you for your splendid gift of some months ago." He glanced again at the clock. "I shall see you in an hour?" he asked. Barton nodded. A moment later he had bowed himself out of the Professor's rooms and was making his way across the campus in as dignified a manner as he could. He wanted to shout and throw up his hat, but he knew that he dared not betray his feelings within sight of those old, austere buildings.

As for Chan Fu, the moment his visitor got out of the rooms and his footsteps were echoing down the wooden stairs, he stepped quickly to a telephone on the wall and rained the receiver. "Give me Harrison 242," he directed in perfect English.

A clicking followed; then: "This is Professor Chan Fu, Chinese exchange professor at Chicago University, speaking. Put me at once on the wire of Mr. Li Hsi-Ling, if you please."

Another clicking, a man's voice, and Fu spoke quickly, excitedly, hastily, into the receiver, using the Chinese language.

"Tsung? This is Chan Fu of the university. Tsung, I have most astounding news for you. A newspaper reporter just visited me with a paper which he wished translated. He claims to have found it in a peculiar manner. It appears to describe the location of the missing Coins of Confucius, but goes no further than to mention the coins and there it stops. It reads: 'The Twelve Coins of Confucius are——' It is written on the face of a red slip, bearing at the top in English the letters: O-Y; then R-O-N-space-S-T; then D-R-Y. There is another half to it, containing probably the last half of the message and the first half of the English words. And this reporter is having this other half back in an hour. He——"

"You believe, then," broke in Tsung's voice, tensely, thru the receiver, "that it could possibly be connected with the missing Yuan?"

"I do not say," affirmed Fu. "I have always held the theory that Yuan fled to America by way of Mexico. Likewise, one long half-ticket, with the 'Tong' letter, Honorable Tsung," he went on breathlessly, the gutturals tumbling over themselves, "not understanding the importance of this discovery—or the seriousness of it. If this man in any way happens to find the other fragment of those Coins, he is likely to have power beyond all description in the empire. You know the value which Hoang-Ti attaches to them. He considers them priceless—absolutely the biggest treasure in the history of China. One more—and he believes that he shall be the most powerful country on the face of the globe. He has told me this in his own words—years ago. And if this reporter succeeds, even in locating them, there is no telling what Hoang-Ti might do for him. What shall we take?"

"Give him an erroneous translation of the other half when he returns," snapped the Chinese prime minister. "Do—do anything to get him away from the truth. In the meantime I shall be searching city directories for the names of all Chinese residents living in O-Y. Professor Fu, do not let this man get away from you. I believe there is something to this. Bring you and him to see the Emperor by the noise. This means the biggest stroke ever put over in court circles—and shall I share it with you together, Fu. Keep me in touch every half-hour with developments. I shall call you, also, at your rooms. Understand?"

"I will do that," said Fu, grimly. "I shall play this end correctly, Tsung. Never fear."

He hung up and, dropping back into the big chair, took down a great Chinese water pipe which he proceeded to smoke, drawing in great breaths of the heavy Chinese tobacco, and drumming nervously on the table with his long fingers.

Barton, in the meantime, was boarding a city-bound express at the Fifty-seventh street station.

"The Professor seemed more than interested," he ruminated as he dropped into an empty seat. "He seemed to be a most eager gleam in his slant eyes; even his long black mustache drooped and drooped. Had worse than I did when he disclaimed all knowledge of the Twelve Coins." He paused in his musing. "But there's something I find an educated Chinaman? Perhaps he lied—perhaps they're ordinary characters after all. Fu, there's Mrs. O'Malley's friend's Chink servant in Ravenswood and——"

He paused. In his breast pocket, but suddenly stopped short in his search. His hands felt helplessly to his side. His breast fell in a great gasp. His bottom seemed to fall out of the universe.

For the first time that afternoon he recalled that he had placed the other half of the laundry ticket in his old black leather bill fold—that he had also placed Braithwaite's credential paper in that same bill fold—and that in the hurry and excitement of packing he had slipped the bill fold in Fawcett's suitcase without removing the torn red slip. "Oh, Lord, oh Lord!" he groaned to himself, slumping down in his seat. "And now—now—the rest of Yuan's message is on its way to Washington in Fawcett's luggage!"

CHAPTER XIV.

WHEN THE PHONE BELL RANG.

BARTON didn't go back to the Loop.

Instead, he got off at the Twenty-sixth street station and went home to his rooms, to indulge in a few caustic recriminations at his stupidity in letting the vital half of Sam Toy's laundry ticket get into Fawcett's suitcase. He was tired, disgusted, disheartened at the unexpected turn to affairs, and he felt in the mood for condemning himself as all sorts and manner of an idiot.

Reaching his rooms, he flung himself on the bed and, staring vacantly out at the late afternoon sunshine that lighted up the white stone steps of Prairie avenue, fell to thinking of what his next move must be. There seemed no way to get in touch with Fawcett before the latter should reach Washington, unless the telegram he had sent about the message delivered by the conductor on the Washington Flyer. But that was not going to be back like until late, Sam Toy's message.

"The Twelve Coins of Confucius are——" It was maddening to know that he had perhaps stumbled on the greatest secret of the Chinese empire—if not on the greatest secret of the "tong" but that he was hopelessly checkmated for the next twenty-four hours.

His eyes roved about the room and a plan. He would have a telegram dispatched long before Fawcett should reach Washington, addressed to the latter care of H. Barton, in care of the correspondents' room in the Capitol building. And at the instant of sending it Barton to himself he smiled whimsically as he lay back on his bed. In that telegram he would apprise Fawcett of the latter's accidental possession of a piece of Chinese writing, and tell him to drop everything —even leaving for Paris, if necessary—secure a translation of those few characters, and then to wire that translation back to Chicago.

With this problem solved for the time being, altho unsatisfactorily, to be sure, he began to think about the Princess O Lyra Seng. Somehow, since he had seen her, a strange unrest, a feeling of, unhappiness, a sense of groping and painful disquiet had filled his being; and he was dimly conscious of the fact that something had come into his existence life that was going to constitute a psychical disturbance for a long time to come. He closed his eyes and tried to think of her slim figure, of her cheeks with their creamy tint and their pink tinge, of the slim fingers with their rose tips. In it, of the peculiar personality that radiated from her in her every word and gesture. And the feeling of wakening into the night before, he dropped away into sleep.

He awoke suddenly, rubbing his eyes. The sun was gone. Outside the street was murky—almost dark. Long purple shadows filled the room. And by the cuckoo of the Swiss clock on his wall, he knew that it was 7 o'clock and that he had slept for two hours. He wondered, as he sat up and blinked his eyelids into wakefulness, why he had awakened. He had awakened so suddenly, and then—he found the reason. The telephone bell was ringing with violence.

With a strange leap in his heart, all sleep gone from his being, he jumped from the unmade bed and hurried over to the instrument. He raised the receiver and uttered the customary "Hello?"

"I am talking to Mr. Jason H. Barton?" tinkled a voice that had been echoing in his dreams all the afternoon.

"Princess!" he ejaculated. "I—I knew you at once. This is Jason H. Barton—at last—poor——"

"Mr. Jason H. Barton," she said, "I used the magic words because—because—I think I want to see you once more. You so busy today—but you say that you come again if I call you on telephone. Mr. Jason H. Barton, Princess O Lyra Seng," he responded quickly. "Indeed I'll come. But where is honorable Li Hwei Tsung—that Mr. Tsung?"

"Mrs. Tsung at Chinese consul's home for rest of evening," the girl said clearly. "Then I return, therefore, and honorable Tsung leave hotel few minutes ago in big hurry. He tell not where he go, but say he be gone good while. My maid hear him say to me—she say nothing. I command. And—and so—Jason H. Barton, I want to talk with you. You will come just so like you did today but more will tap on door. Then we have nice long time. Princess O Lyra Seng commands that from Jason H. Barton."

He frowned. "I'll be there in three-quarters of an hour," he said gravely. "I—I wanted much to see you again—but I should never have dared to come unless you had asked me first. I have due appreciation of your rank, you see."

"Then I wait," she said happily. "And you come sure."

He hung up the receiver in a daze. "My God! One more chance to see her and talk with her," he started to say aloud. He snapped on the lights and looked at himself in the mirror. "You

fool, hold your horses! Don't go dippy. That girl, idiot, is the daughter of one of the biggest men in the world—and a member of another race. Don't go and lose your head. Keep your balance. Keep——"

But before he realized it he was madly flinging his working clothes off and dragging from his wardrobe a splendid dress suit that he had worn at a newspaper men's banquet two days before. He was stripping himself to the skin, plunging into his shower bath and out again like a meteorite; he bruised his thumbs trying to jam studs into a stiff white shirt; half-clad, he walked around in a circle trying to locate a silk hat which he suddenly found on a shelf in the closet and in front of his very eyes.

"You crazy fool!" he kept muttering to himself under his breath as he dressed with lightning rapidity; "you crazy fool. From the way you're primping up, you act as tho you think you're calling on your best girl."

In less than no time he was surveying himself in the glass with some slight degree of pride. "There, Jason H. Barton," he commented, "you look like something half fit to touch the hem of a princess' garment and talk—not like the wild-eyed newspaper man that you were this morning. Now for a taxi."

Outside, he stepped to the curbing and looking up and down the two rows of frosted-globe arc lights that illumined that quiet street, spied a lone yellow taxicab bearing down on him. He hailed it and climbed in. "Stop at the first florist's shop you come to," he ordered the driver. "Then go to the Hotel Rydenour." And with the sudden forward lurch of the machine he settled back onto the cushions, his face burning with a strange excitement.

On Sixteenth street near Michigan avenue, the cab stopped in front of a florist's shop. Out he jumped, returning a few minutes later with a great bunch of American Beauties. Again he climbed back in and finished his journey up Michigan avenue, lighted from this point on with hundreds of brilliant shops whose store fronts reflected even in the oiled macadam pavement. The cab stopped finally in front of the Rydenour, where Barton dismounted and paid the driver. Then, a bare trifle uneasy, he walked boldly into the hotel thru the small side entrance and made the elevator without having to pass thru the throngs in the lobby. "Fifteenth floor," he said nonchalantly to the operator, and essayed an artificial yawn as he said it.

He was whisked like an arrow to the fifteenth floor. Again he made a pretense of fumbling in his pockets until the car had descended; then he stepped hurriedly up the deserted hall, lighted only by a few shaded electric bulbs, and slipped like a shadow thru the door of vacant Suite 15-B. Down the dark corridor he proceeded, finally finding the window whose fire-escape led to the interior of the suite below, descended it carefully, and with sixty seconds to spare entered the royal suite. He tiptoed down the corridor, wiping off his hands on his handkerchief and tapped lightly on the door.

When it opened, he gasped. The room was lighted only by the soft rays of an electric lamp. In the opening stood a slender girl, clad in a Parisian dress that bore the unmistakable earmarks of the latest Parisian fashion. It was covered with a gauzy stuff of silver, beneath it the sheen of black silk; it was full, yet did not quite come to her ankles. Her slim arms and hands were incased in black silk, with two black silk slippers bearing buckles of jet and gold. But it was the Princess' face, a spectrar dark eyes with their slightest of obliquity gazed out at him in welcome, and her silky black hair rose in a mass on top of her head into a cluster of curls so bewitching as to have excited the envy of the most born of American girls. There was but one Chinese note in her startling transformation; that was the gold and green tip of a jade pin that her she had daintily woven into her hair.

"I am so glad you come," she said, holding out one slim hand to greet me—Mr. Jason H. Barton—I fix myself up just so like American girl—so you like me a little more. And we have time to talk now."

She spied the great bunch of American Beauties, and he held them out to her. "American Beauties to the most beautiful girl in both China and America," he said, with a bow.

Does Barton fall in love with the Chinese Princess and does he wed her? Who killed the Chinese laundryman? These are the questions you won't have answered, aren't they? Read the next and final installment of this story and get the surprise of your life.

NO DOUBT.

A woman and her 4-year-old son were on a visit to her brother-in-law in London.

One morning at the breakfast table the uncle said to the boy: "Here, Teddy, is something you don't see in Lancashire," at the same time placing some small balls of butter in front of him.

"Don't us, tho!" said the boy. "There are three balls of butter hanging outside the shop where mother takes our clothes every Monday morning! Ain't there, mother?"

Cairene Coffee

By Clyde Criswell

"BLACKER than night and hotter than hell! I see you know how to make Turkish coffee. I dare say it's delicious, for the aroma is wonderful. But if you don't mind, I'll abstain. It makes me nervous. It's—it's poison to me."

I had hoped to please Overtoun with my black brew. I knew he had wandered in the Orient. I had learned the trick from a Turkish classmate at college. The idea of anything ruffling the nerves of this adventurer would have made me smile had there not been an undercurrent of deep feeling in his words. And his dark, sardonic face, as I glanced curiously at it, was not nice to see. I began to hope that this was the prelude to one of his strange tales. And presently, with his twisted, bitter smile, he began to tell it.

"Cairo is hardly less picturesque than New York. That is why I ceased to run madly about the world, and took up my abode here. But to my more youthful imaginings Cairo was always the City of Ultimate Enchantment. I hoped to rest a little, and then hurry to leave it more. I expected to find there the excitements on which I felt I would thrive. When I arrived, however, it was in the unromantic shape of a job selling typewriters—I promised myself I would not stay long.

"But Cairo seemed to be frightfully dull. I wandered vainly for weeks thru the narrow streets of the old quarter, seeking for some adventure flavored with Arabian legend. But the only way to find excitement was to read in the modern hotels. Eventually I gave up my fruitless quest for Caliphs disguised as Mercinaries and Sultans after Veiled Ladies who would prove to be Vampires. It is true I discovered some vampires in the persons of Overtoun's caravanserai, but they were alien to the land. I gave up prowling about the fascinating native quarters, seeking their mute, blank houses and mysterious nail-studded doors. I lolled about the hotel lobbies and read novels to drug myself awake.

"Then one night I met by chance an American, a rough sort of chap like myself, and hilariously we concocted and demolished innumerable drinks peculiar to our native land. After midnight him into his room I went for a sobering drive in a big Cairene landau.

"It was a magnificent night, but such nights had lost their power to arouse my imagination toward Romance. I no longer saw even the Southern Cross, a native dress as a possible Al Raschid or Blind Calendar.

"But I was seized with a whim to walk back to the hotel, and, dismissing my carriage, I wandered along somewhat unsteadily. I had thrown away a cigarette beneath a garden wall. A woman's voice called to me softly in French, and I replied. Then in a dream I found myself entering a garden by way of a door, by which was opened by a veiled figure that took me by the hand and led me thru a scented darkness to a lighted kiosk.

"A black woman presently appeared from nowhere, bringing us fruits and wine. I spoke to my companion in French; the language in which she had first addressed me, and I supposed that she was a native Egyptian woman who commonly spoken by the higher class of [illegible]-men women today. I saw that her [illegible] above the veil, and I understand that I was not a perfectly sober man

"I asked her, later, to remove her veil. When she did so I kissed her like a madman. The mystery of the intrigue fired me, and in a moment I had become her slave. Then she was very kind to me. I talked and drank till close on dawn, she lying in my arms.

"I learned that she was a French-woman—to be exact, a Parisienne, a demi-mondaine. She had as good as sold herself to a rich Cairene merchant who had met her while on a business visit to Paris. He had married her and taken her home, and as he treated her well, she was little better off than a favorite slave. Society, even such as she had known, was closed to her. She could never enter the jealous inner world of the native hareems, even had their cowlike women amused her. She complained that she was a thousand times worse off than if she had remained in the city.

"In Paris I would not have looked at her twice. Her kind are so numerous they scarce have existence for me who seeks the unusual above all. But under that delirious Cairene moon I became enslaved.

"Her husband was away for a few days. Restless, she had mounted her garden wall, and by my lighted match had seen that I was a man of her former world. Knowing that her slave woman was devoted to her, she had taken her chance.

"I returned to her the next night. The recovered from the highballs that had played their part in the initial escapade, I was still intoxicated with her charm of a Parisienne in that far land I could not have loved a native woman so, nor could I have loved her in Paris But there in the world of The Thousand and One Nights she was incongruous and irresistible. Upon her sultry lips I tasted the hasheesh of the East and the absinthe of the boulevards. It was a deadly mixture.

"Soon the husband came home. My folly was incredible. I still came to her at the same dwarf door, and we spent dangerous but immortal hours in

The Husband Was Approaching Our Retreat.

the little kiosk. Finally we evolved the plan that we could be happy. Don't be shocked. I was young, mad with life and love, and unburdened with morals. And we were in a land of blood and death. She planned to seize jewels she claimed were her own, brought from Paris. This, of course, was a lie. We were to flee—she was to reassume European costume, and as a Frenchwoman and native detective, the we did not intend to linger in Cairo

"The night came. I was admitted thru the low door into that odorous garden. Again there was a moon, tho only a silver mist of it trickled thru the heavy filigree of trees and frond and flower In the scented kiosk she presently came to me. She showed me a heavy leather pouch, opening it for a moment of flashing splendor. Before venturing forth we exchanged a kiss. It was our last.

"As our lips clung, the black woman pantingly intruded. The husband was in the garden—was approaching our retreat! Quickly I was hidden behind a rich hanging. Its folds held the memories of a hundred years of [illegible] and even now as I close my eyes I can imagine I smell that unforgettable perfume. Thru the loosely woven fabric I could see everything, myself unseen.

When the husband entered I was astonished. In dress and manner he was perfectly a man of the world. I think I had expected to see some degraded Othello, some midnight blackamoor with bared scimitar. He was courteously surprised at her being so late in the kiosk. She spoke sleeplessness and nervousness

"'Doubtless,' he suggested, 'this is the reason you have so often refused me your presence of late.'

"He remarked upon the beauty of the night and the moon, the fragrance of the flowers, and quoted for her some verses in Arabic, which he then translated into excellent French. He begged that she take coffee with him.

"At her languid consent he summoned the negress, but when the coffee came he took it from her, placed the tray upon a tabouret, and himself undertook its service. As he did so his broad back was presented to both of us, and thru the meshes of the hanging I studied his shapely shoulders. But he was too far away for me to make a successful surprise attack. Besides, tho I felt he must know of my presence, I was not entirely sure. Naturally, I hoped that all might end without violence.

"With the grace of any continental drawing-room he presented to her the tiny enameled cup. She must have needed the bracer in spite of her amorous poise, for she eagerly sipped the black draught. Its aroma was exquisite, and penetrated to me, mingling with the fragrance of the cloth-of-gold that shielded me. Many times in that place I had drunk of just such coffee.

"The man lighted a cigarette, and, seating himself before the door, began to torment her. It was the Oriental character. He touched delicately upon her position in French society before he had married her. He spoke solemnly of the rigid laws of the East and the right to its women. Yet his gravity of tone was belied by his lips, for he spoke as [illegible] sipping his coffee and cigarette, and caressing her with eyes in which whone an exaggerated fondness.

"You can imagine that I came in for my share of the torture of such a scene as was [illegible] to be played. And there was no escape. He sat before the door, and taunted her as only a man of his race could. Behind the curtain I writhed in sympathy, in rage, in horrible suspense.

But that too subtle Oriental forgot that he had to deal with a Parisienne. He did not know what she had told me —that she had been an actress—that as a girl she came from La Villette.

"She was very sudden and very skilful. I caught a flash of her white shoulder, and the next instant I saw the gleaming handle of a little knife sticking out of his seemingly-cropped head. He pitched to his knees. I came from behind the curtain and pulled the blade from his head. There was no need to stab him more. I stood with the dagger in my hand before the dying man, who had sunk to the floor.

"We are free!' the girl cried to me, clinging to my arm.

"The husband achieved speech with a terrific effort, his eyes rolling up at her with superb hatred. His choked voice was horrible to hear. He spoke in French, grinning there with his beard drenched in crimson.

"'You, Jezebel, free!' he gasped, 'but—you drank the coffee!' And he died laughing.

"I turned to her, not comprehending the significance of his words. But on that very instant they were made plain. Only poison could have wrought such a quick and awful change in that face. Her arm shivered about me, and in a moment she, too, had gone. As the light failed in her agonized eyes she endeavored to draw down my head to her

The Brown Sea God

By William H. Manning

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CHAPTER XIII.

THE beach-comber dropped his words with perceptible malevolence, yet his speech was deliberate and he made everything clear. Seven pairs of eyes were turned upon John Terrimore, and nearly every one expressed hostility and lawless purpose. All this John realized, but it was not his way to get frightened until there was pressing need. That the beach derelicts meant mischief was certain, but he was not yet in their grasp.

"Rigard," he said deliberately, "you talk more than thirty-six inches of rubbish to the yard. Drop it! I refuse to have you fellows act as jury in my case. Haul down your flag! Find Friday Frink and ship some men off this shore. Understand?"

"I understand that you are a lot of lunatics," John told them, "and I'll not waste no more time with you. I'm going."

He took two steps, but Murphy and Doll quickly rose and blocked the way. The latter produced stout cords and flourished them convincingly.

"Surrender!" he ordered. "You have run your race, no have an end of it. Oh! You would fight, would you?"

"I certainly shall do so," Terrimore forcibly answered, "and if you try to block my retreat somebody will get hurt——"

It was the resolute defiance of a courageous man, but it did not go beyond words. Something snaky and harsh settled over the American's neck and he was jerked backward roughly. Another moment and several men piled upon him, holding him to the ground. He had already attained unconsciousness and believed himself capable of escaping, but Rigard had caught him in the noose of an Indian lasso. Once more he fought stoutly, but with too many men opposed to him to admit of success, and he was soon helpless and bound.

Rigard looked sharply along the shore, east and west.

"All clear, I reckon," said the leader of the attack. "Get the boat around that point of rock and let's be done with it."

"Gentlemen," interrupted Tall Jarrick, his voice trembling noticeably, "I beg that you will listen to me on an extreme. When I was Government consul at Lilito on Feroro Island it was always my aim to be guided by the dictates of mercy——"

"Gammon!" snarled Rigard. "Hurry up, there!"

The last order was given to those who had undertaken to get the boat where it was wanted. It was hauled from its resting place, launched and floated away. The craft was only a few feet distant, and it was brought nearer.

Meanwhile, Terrimore lay quiet and silent. More determined than ever before he realized how dangerous his companions were, and that they intended to carry out their threat against his life. It was forbade a call for help, and he would have been hopeless had he not discovered a way of escape in the struggle with Rigard. Believing that determined effort would enable him to get clear later, he lay passive while the latter was tied to the right moment to act for life and liberty.

"Get the fellow inside the boat!" Rigard ordered.

Terrimore was promptly swung over the gunwale and deposited under the thwarts. Rigard gave another order and the boat moved away from the beach. Still and Doll were at the oars, and it was impossible to hope that the work in hand was being performed in secret. Such knaves were not instruments of diplomacy, but of grim purpose.

It was a gruesome journey for Terrimore, and not the less so because he lay partly against a good-sized stone that had a rope attachment, a combination plainly designed to carry him to the bottom of the sea. With this weight tied to his neck he would ordinarily have no chance whatever, but he did not intend that it should carry him down. Another test of the cords upon his wrists convinced him that they could be cast off when necessary, so he rested rather easy of mind.

Presently the beach-combers stopped and looked about them.

"Water must be plenty deep here," said Doll, calmly.

"It would hide a shipful of men," Westall agreed.

"Then let's get him over—unless he tells us at the last instant where he buried Fiddler Frink's body."

"The next instant after that will be too late. Dead men tell no tales. I'd hate to be drowned."

"Maybe it ain't so painful, after all, but this ship's moving, and it's unlucky he speaks out right quick. Ready?"

"Yes."

"When I count five let him drop."

Terrimore was already poised upon the gunwale. The derelicts paused briefly, Doll mumbled then they counted, and let the weight go. The rope hauled taut.

"How, the man!"

They let go fully and Terrimore was carried down with waters roaring in his ears. Then he tried his hand at work. Rigging the wrist out of the hampering cords. The attempt failed. The cords stuck fast, and, with the weight dragging the boat on his way to the bottom of the water and certain death. This was the state of affairs one moment, and the next he was conscious that the weight no longer pulled, and that something even more peculiar was taking place. Terrimore had been encircled mysteriously, and, instead of sinking, he was rising—rising—even his head emerged, and he did not deprive him of the knowledge that he was strangely rising to some new experience.

His head came above water, he gasped, drew in the blessed air, and with it fresh hold upon life.

"Steady, gently! Don't struggle!—leave the rest to us!"

He saw a dark shape beside him, the same that was busy buoying him up, vainly tried again to separate his wrists, saw another dark shape, felt a new sensation about the wrists, and his hands were free.

"Be calm, Professor! We will soon be on the land!"

Terrimore gulped in more fresh air.

"Rabayo!" he muttered, his voice thick with awe, for he was shaky with the weakness that had almost been death.

"Yes," agreed the rescuer. "It is I, but not alone. Do you see who is with me?—Barro of the mountains."

The utility of body and mind was coming back fully to the American and he realized that the Sea God had caught him as he was sinking to Davy Jones, and that the general of the barbarian Hill-keepers had cut his bonds.

By that time, too, he was swimming, but he was being held between his two friends and the situation was pleasant. Accepting it fully, he remained passive, and was soon conveyed to the shore. It was long before he knew of the care that was exercised in doing it—the expert, subtle skill that, to avoid notice from the two men in the boat, was used to bear him with his face just above the surface, and with hardly a ripple from the three who sought safety from hostile eyes.

The water shallowed rapidly and he was drawn ashore.

"Quietly, John!" whispered the Sea God. "It is best we should see what the bad white men are doing. Let us wait a while."

Terrimore rallied and used his eyes. He saw the beach-comber group a few rods distant, and saw the boat near the land. His supposed assassins were going back to their partners in crime.

The landing was made, talk took place, the unmasked party could not hear anything that was said, and then the beach-combers scattered, going various different ways. With one exception all went in haste. The exception was a tall man who paced away with lowhanging head, and, with a start, recalling Peter Jarrick, the rescued man had the impression that the late act had been too much for the old evil.

"All is well now, John," breathed the Sea God.

Strength was back in Terrimore's body, and his eyes grew suddenly active. Reaching out, he energetically grasped the Kanaka's hand.

"Old chap, you are a trump card!" he cried.

With this he brought his free hand down visibly on his knee, and was somewhat surprised to see him shrink away.

"No more trouble," Barro asserted, his voice unusually deep. "Come with me, both of you. You shall go to the mountains, great Professor, where you will be safe from the beach-combers."

"I'll not go!" cried Terrimore. "Do you think I'm scared of that gang of knaves? Not a bit! Barro, give up cash enough to buy a revolver, and when I have one, Cranky Rigard and all his beasts shall have cause to give ground to them. They shall have their fill of fight."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE two beach-combers who had sent John Terrimore to the depths of the sea rowed back to their comrades without delay. It was not necessary to say until they got where words were over, for it was certain that no man, tightly bound, could cast off a heavy stone and rise to the surface. Therefore, altho they could not see into the water, it was just as well to return without waste of time.

"Especially," said Luke Doll, yawning, "as it's getting to be bedtime."

Reaching the boat, they found their associates standing in a silent group, and all eyes were turned upon them.

"We shall have him overboard!" said Westall, carelessly.

There was no reply, but Easy Wiggin muttered something about its being time to go, and the men began to shift away. Nearly all of them had seen the taking away of Terrimore with total indifference, but, now they knew that the deed was done, their composure somehow drifted away. Doll and Westall lingered to stow the boat in a secret nook, but the others walked east together. Cranky Rigard carried hanging

Be Sure and Read This First.

JOHN TERRIMORE, washed overboard from a schooner, lands on the island of Kayenso among a group of beach-combers. There isn't a chance of getting away. Jarrick, their spokesman, says. Terrimore, discovering a violinist, known as "Fiddler" Frink, among them, feels sure that with himself as promoter and publicity man, they can earn the money with which to pay their passage away from the island. Terrimore meets Rabayo, a young Kanaka, who asks him to help found and become the president of a university for the natives. Terrimore hears other Kanakas hail his companion as "The God of the Seas." Rabayo speaks of half a million dollars being available for the university and leads him away to give him the proof. Terrimore meets Rabayo's sister, Cicilee, by birth a princess. She shows Terrimore an old map showing a wrecked lighthouse in which pirates had concealed their loot. Alonso, son of the lighthouse keeper, had confessed to it many years later, made his will in Cicilee's favor. Terrimore promises to help recover the treasure. Friday Frink Fiddler Frink has been spying upon them. Terrimore meets Barro, a general of the hill people, captive, blindfolded, is taken to see the treasure. Terrimore begs them to put it in a bank. Rigard and Friend Terrimore depart to find a place to sleep and seeing a driftwood canoe, wades out to it and makes a thrilling discovery. Terrified, he hastens away. An unconscious young woman is lying in the boat and Terrimore carries her to the nearest house which proves to be that of her uncle, Milloway Dick, who threatens to have Terrimore jailed. The girl, Ethelda Sargeant, revives and corroborates Terrimore's story of how he found her. Leaving, Terrimore finds she has dropped four dollar bills in his pocket, with which he anonymously buys breakfast for all the beach-combers the next day. There he learns the beach-combers plan to kill him and Fiddler Frink in the belief that money is concealed in the violinist's instrument. They believe Terrimore may have slain Frink for the same reason. Leaving Frink as they have followed him to the lighthouse, he goes to meet Rabayo. Ethelda Sargeant offers to give Terrimore passage money back home, but he refuses. Terrimore sees two men fighting on the edge of a cliff and recognizes Frink. Terrimore is prevented from reaching them when he is stunned by a fall. Tetona, a Kanaka, reveals to Terrimore that he knows of the lighthouse treasure and proposes that they visit it when they get inland. Terrimore seeks Rabayo to tell him and learns that Rabayo, Cicilee and their friends Barro are away on a three days' trip. The beach-combers seize Terrimore and give him a beating before Prodore Frink, under penalty of being thrown into the sea.

Now go on with the story, or, if you wish the earlier installments in full, order back copies beginning with the issue of No. 41, which is the one in which the story began. They may be obtained from news stands, our agents or by mail from the office of publication.

Everybody Satisfied.

(A dialog between He and She.)

"WHAT have you got there?"

"Where?"

"In your hands, behind your back."

"I'm not going to show you!"

"Ah, please do."

"I promise you won't try to take it away from me?"

He sneaks up close to the girl, who furtively holds before him a photo, which he clutches with both hands.

"That's beautiful!"

"Do you really think so?"

"Yes, pretty nice. But you are much more beautiful, you know."

"Now you're flattering me. I think I look just horrid in it."

"Oh, you don't. Aren't you going to give it to me?"

The girl flies to the other side of the room in evident terror. The youth flies over after her, and in the apparent struggle manages to (quite easily) wrench the photo from her grasp.

"Give it back to me! Please give it back!" she pleads.

"Give it back? I guess not!"

"I think you're just the meanest thing!"

In a little while they quiet down and, despite the fact that she continues to coax him for the photo every few minutes, he carries it away with him. She got it back perfectly happy, for she intended that he should have it; in fact, had it taken especially for him.

Afraid.

HE WAS a lion tamer, but the man who ruled the king of the forest was in turn ruled by his wife.

One night he was entertained by his friends, who refused to allow him to depart until the small hours of the morning. As a result on his homeward way, thinking that his wife would not receive him as cordially as he deserved, he spent the night elsewhere.

In the morning he tried to slip into the house unobserved, but at a voice from the top of the stairs greeted him coldly:

"Where have you been all night, John?"

"Well, my dear, I was afraid of disturbing you, so I slept in the lion's cage."

There was a moment's pause, a grifting of teeth, then down the stairs floated one word:

"Coward!"

In Mourning.

THE train was late, even later than is usual on this particular line, and as they crawled thru one station a weary traveler was heard to exclaim:

"What a villainous station this is! They try to irritate one on purpose. Look at those girls in the refreshment room! Why do they dress them all in black?"

"Don't you know?" said a fellow passenger, in a most solemn tone of voice, and with a look of awe on his face.

"No," replied the curious and fretful traveler.

"Why," said the other, "because they are in mourning for the late trains."

heads and silent tongues, and their minds were busy. At a rather late time, they were doing some thinking.

Several rods had been traversed when a muffled, unnatural cry sounded back of them, and they instantly paused.

"That's somebody in pain!" said Tall Jarrick, almost in a whisper.

"And it was Luke Doll's voice," added Rigard.

"Something has happened to them two chaps," supplemented Wiggin. "The quicker we get out of this the better for us. We may get into a mess, too."

"I'm not to be scared," said Rigard, stoutly. "I'll go and see what has gone wrong. Probably Luke bumped his shins against a stone."

Permitting this self-appointed investigator to fall back, the other men kept on their way. Five minutes later Rigard reappeared, hurrying along in their rear. This time, he certainly lacked composure.

"Men," he announced abruptly, "Westall and Doll are dead. Just enough life was lingering in Luke so that he told me it was done by some of those barbarians from the mountains, and, sixty rods distant, I saw standing on a rock a tall figure that I knew must be Barro, that heathen general of the dragmen."

"If them mountain men have got on our track we are all as good as dead and no better," exclaimed Wiggin. "They are butchers."

"I never heard of their killing anybody," Murphy added, "but the quicker we scatter the better for us. Let's pass Rurutan Point, and then each take to his channel. I'm afraid that killing of John Terrimore will cost us dear."

Nobody felt like controverting such words, and, maintaining silence, they hurried until Rurutan was reached. They turned the point gradually and were nearly around when they stopped simultaneously. A human figure stood in their path, and it was one they recognized. More than that, it brought fright to them, and with good reason.

The man was Fiddler Frink.

The expert violinist waved a hand in light, unconcerned greeting.

"Hello, my fellows!" he called out. "I was hunting for you. Hope you haven't worried over my long absence, for I'm in fine health and spirits. How are all of you?"

There was a pause that no one facing him seemed inclined to break.

"Why don't you speak up?" he demanded curtly. "Are you scared? Do you think I'm a ghost?"

Ignorant as they were, not one was ignorant enough to believe in ghosts, present or past, but they certainly were frightened. It dawned upon them that the Frink was alive, they were guilty of murdering Terrimore in connection with the case, and murder without provocation suddenly looked startling to their minds.

"Say," exclaimed Wiggin, "we've got to get away from Kayenso!"

At that moment Terrimore and his friends, unconscious of the commotion among their enemies, were walking away toward the west. John's strength was back, and he felt full of energy. By mere chance they were near the landing-place from Beli Reef Lighthouse when he suddenly stopped and faced Rabayo and Barro.

"My good friends," he said gratefully, "I thank you heartily for saving my life, but I have an idea you had better leave me now. My company may not be safe for you, for I am pretty certain to meet with further attack from the beach-combers. They will learn that Fiddler Frink is dead, and they want to make me pay for it."

The Sea God laughed softly.

"By the time they may possibly know that Frink is alive," he said. "Truth is, Professor John, the fiddler has long been our prisoner. That night when we took you to the lighthouse he secretly dropped into the water and tried to swim to the reef, but Barro saw his intention, seized him and took him up that way where you once noticed him."

"Oh!" John exclaimed.

"Yes. On that occasion Frink had eluded his keeper, with whom he had had a fierce struggle, but was soon recaptured, and we have had him since, but, tonight, we saw fit to release him. Mr. Fiddler Frink can do us no harm."

"Don't make any mistake about that man. He is cunning and persistent, and if the lighthouse is left unguarded he will almost certainly gain entrance to it."

"Let him do it!" cried the Sea God, with a merry laugh. "If he goes he will find nothing more than blank rocks and seemingly water."

"Do you mean that you have taken the treasure away?"

"There is not a dollar there, good Professor. Do you think we would permit those darling diamonds to be exposed to the danger of theft?"

Terrimore was silent, impressed by something new.

"Even Totoan will not steal them," interrupted Barro, laughing deeply. "That shy king boy is at my own quarters in the mountains and he will not rob the University of Kayenso of its treasure."

"There is much that must be told to you, Professor," proceeded Rabayo, "but not just now. Wait a bit and you shall hear all. Ah! That means a whole lot —all! Wait and see, learned sir!"

The speaker suddenly faced the higher land and, with hardly a break in his speech, went on in a different tone.

"It is night, and a time for rest. Come with us. Retire for now to the quiet of the Kanaka quarters. Will you go?"

Terrimore did not demur, and the three made the journey as indicated. That night John slept in a comfortable place, but he was early astir in the morning and a restless spirit fell upon him. The water-bordered ribbon of land where he had been a beach-comber called to him, and he rose and went that way.

More by chance than anything else, his course was directly toward the spot where Doll and Westall had brought their boat to take him to death in the now innocent-looking water and he unconsciously looked outward as if thinking that the craft might be there.

Discerning nothing more than an undotted sea, he turned and looked toward the town. His attention at once became fixed, but it was not upon any house. Much nearer, and, indeed, only a few rods away, a man was pacing slowly along the beach, his head crossed behind him, his head sagging and his manner that of profound thought.

The man was Peter Jarrick.

Terrimore waited for him to draw

"You Are a Woman!" "How—Sir, How Did You Guess That?"

even nearer, and without great antagonism. Objectionable as the tall man was, he had spoken words of mercy when John was about to be taken out in the boat, and he now looked to be a pitiable figure.

He was so deep in thought that he did not see Terrimore until within a few yards of him. Discovering him, he first started back and then, recognizing the truth, delight appeared on his gloomy face.

"You're alive!" he exclaimed.

"I am, Jarrick."

"Thank Providence for that!"

"I give my thanks to that Power, not to you, nor to any of your associates, Doll and Westall did their best to drown me. You were with them."

"Terrimore, you cannot be too bitter in your remarks. I admit that, the I was opposed to what happened. Never mind! I'm a scoundrel, and I will accept whatever punishment you may wish to deal out to me. It will be deserved. First, do you know where the beach-combers are?"

"What do you mean?"

"Fiddler Frink has appeared, safe and sound, but his return showed the gang that they had made a great mistake when—as they mistakenly believed—they drowned you for killing him. Scared lest they be arrested for murdering you, they had a hurried consultation, and then five of them secretly seized a brig that was lying in a lonely place and put to sea. Frink, Rigard, Murphy and Charlemond have sailed away, but what land they will try to make I don't know. Red Rufus and I have remained here, and we shall accept whatever punishment you see fit to deal out. I'll ask you to remember, tho, that Rufus was the most decent of all the beach-combers."

"What about yourself, Jarrick?"

The tall man carried a trembling hand to his mouth, plucked nervously at his thin lips, stared at the sands of the beach, and made answer unsteadily.

"It doesn't matter about me. I am nothing but a vagabond and a liar. I was never United States consul at Ferroro Island, nor anywhere else. I was never anything but a tramp of the world. Red Rufus swears he will reform, and he has the ability to do it. But I——"

He stopped and his eyes roved in an unseeing fight.

"You, too, should reform," said Terrimore, "and if I can help you I will do it——"

"Thank you, but no! Rufus has presented a plan to me. It has industry as its foundation, and that is something I have never taken to kindly, but it's all that anybody would do for me. If I decide to try for a rise in this world it will be the offer of Rufus that I shall accept."

Jarrick changed the subject abruptly, and with some eagerness.

"Fiddler Frink says he is going somewhere, he can make money out of his violin. It seems you are responsible for his idea, the just what it is I don't know. He has kept still on that point."

"Let him go," replied Terrimore, smiling. "I don't believe he will accomplish wonders. But you, Jarrick—you have the education and the brains to be more than a beach-comber. Try it! Climb, Jarrick, climb!"

CHAPTER XV.

THE scene was the low cliff where Terrimore and the Sea God had once before held interview. Another talk was afoot between them now, and Rabayo's face rippled with smiles that now and then gave place to more serious expression. He was an interesting figure, and, helped by the romantic cast of the cliff, he had something like the unconscious grace rarely found save in children.

"Yes," he was saying, "I am going to tell you everything now, Professor John. I do hope you won't think I've been horrid."

"Be easy on that point," John answered, smiling indulgently. "Let it be understood that you are forgiven in advance."

"But I have implied a doubt of your honesty, you will think later."

"I'm not disposed to criticise the God of the Seas," the American persisted. "He is too good a comrade of mine."

"We will see. Now, where shall I begin in my story?"

Rabayo rested his well-formed chin on his hand, meditated, and began the narrative.

"The treasure of Belt Reef Lighthouse is a thing of fact and you have heard a truthful account of it. When the survivor of the earthquake of long ago bequeathed the treasure to Clelee and me, the vastness of it made it seem ridiculous for us, as I planned, then and there, to erect buildings where the Kanakas could have the high-grade education that would mean so much to them. Then and there, too, the University of Kayenso came into being in theory.

"Frankly, I did not know what to do at first, nor, for that matter, at any time, to bring the scheme of learning into actual existence and operation. It was soon afterward that you appeared on the island. In a way that I will explain later I learned your name and that you were a graduate of Princeton University. It so happened that, learning that much, I had previous knowledge of you to enable me to construct a living figure and call it John Terrimore. You ask me not just yet what I mean!

"My university dream went forward. I wanted the advice and help of a university graduate, and I found you almost at my elbow, and fit, possibly, to be president of my seat of learning.

"Right here a question arose—were you honest? Forgive me, but I worried you a moment back. Here is where the horrid part enters. You were educated, but were you honest? I simply had to deal with that problem. It was not my interests only that were at stake, but those of all the Kanakas, and I had to be absolutely sure you would not play fast and loose with the lighthouse treasure.

"How was I to be certain on that point? The answer was simple—you must be tempted. So, learned sir, I deliberately made your acquaintance and deliberately tempted you. Listen to the list of temptations.

"First of all, you were led to believe the lighthouse ruins were full of great wealth. Really, the treasure no sooner passed into my hands after Alonzo died than it was taken to a safe place.

"You saw in the chamber of the [illegible] only a small part, taken back there by me temporarily for the occasion of your visit. The larger cheats that you [illegible] to contain treasure [illegible] were [illegible] from [illegible].

"After this you were carefully watched, but you never went near the reef to attempt an entrance, so I carried my scheme further.

"The second temptation was Totoan. He was son of Gorleta, the chief man of the Kanakas, and chosen carefully to lead you into danger. He made dishonesty appear alluring, but, instead of entering into this plot, you sought for Clelee and me, and, failing to find us, hunted up Barro of the mountains and told the tale of Totoan's intended treachery. The lad disappeared, but, really, was in Barro's hut, an honored guest. Totoan is the soul of honor.

"Another temptation was Miss Ethelda Sargeant. Just how she could be made an instrument to help my schemes I must defer telling you, for a moment, but you will remember that she talked to you about money making money, and how well off she was in plenty of it—could marry. This was a lure, but even then you did not yield, and did not go near the ruin where you believed the treasure to be. I know this, for my men were always on watch.

"Briefly, professor John, altho tempted in various ways, you remained incorruptibly honest. That proved you fit to be president of the university in that respect.

"All this while I was watching over you as well as possible. To illustrate, I wanted you well fed, yet you needed a loan from me. To baffle you on this point I had a word with Barro, who spoke to Totoan's relative, and your eating account at Li Sing Lee's restaurant was established. By doing this in a way so roundabout I was able to keep you truthfully that I did not know who had paid money to old Li.

"Sir, diplomacy, as well as temptation, was necessary in choosing the head of the University of Kayenso, and it has been so easy for me to explain one more matter. If I had merely learned by chance that you were a graduate of Princeton it would have been very feeble grounds for selecting a university president, but, in the present case, there was more to build upon. Do you see what I was; it was?"

John Terrimore, sitting idle, was content to listen to the Sea God's narrative without interruption, but his period of inactivity was over. As the last question was asked Rabayo leaned forward, eyes alight, and with a merry smile playing over the face that was advanced somewhat nearer John by change of position.

"I can't guess your riddle," the American replied, giving a responsive smile,

Lazarre, the Lost King

By Mary Hartwell Catherwood

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CHAPTER XXIX.

MY GOD! What had she seen in me to love? I sat up and held the book against my bosom. Its cry out of her past filled the world from horizon to horizon. The ox that she had wreathed in roses would have heard it and lowed her answer. But the stupid, slow Bourbon had gone his way, turning his stupid head from side to side, leaving her to perish.

Punctuated by years, bursting from eternities of suppression, it brought an accumulated force that swept the soul out of my body.

All that had not been written in the book was as easily read as what was set down. I saw the monotony of her life, and her gilding of its rudeness, the pastimes she thought out for children. I saw her nursing the helplessness which leaned upon her, and turning aside the contempt of sooner women who ignorantly admired strong men. I saw her eyes waiting on the distant laggard who stupidly pursued his own affairs that the truth flashed upon me. I say "flashed" advisedly, for I had never had the slightest suspicion before.

He paused, and Rabayo questioned him with eyes and a word.

"Well?"

"Whatever you are," Terrimore replied gravely, "you are the Sea God, and the Sea God is my comrade. Somehow, I don't feel like calling you Goddess. I confess, however, that I am glad the truth is what it is. I—I'm sure I like you better now."

She smiled thru the mist of tears that had somehow gathered in her dark eyes.

"Let me tell you more," she said softly. "My father and my mother were workers among the Kanakas, but they were both American born. Coming here early to better the moral and physical welfare of the native people they necessarily reared their children here. I was one of that number, and I grew up as much Kanaka as American, except in my blood and tradition and my views of life. Formally adopted by the Kanakas as a tribe, I was really one of them, you see."

"Yes," Terrimore encouraged.

"They made me their so-called Sea God in recent years, and that exalted me even above themselves. You have seen my real position with them. My assumption of boyishness began when I was too young to remember it, and I can only say that an island tragedy was back of it—something that did not concern me, tho it was safer that I wear boy's clothing a while. Professor John, altho my blood is as pure Polynesian as Rabayo's any one's, I am much Kanaka in association, in earnest desire for the betterment of the people here, and many other things. Also, my heart is in the plan to give them a suitable school for learning, call it university or what you will. Now, to finish my more personal explanation——"

She paused and, looking more intently at her companion, smiled in enjoyment of what was to follow.

"I promised to tell you why, for reasons additional to those already given, I selected you to be the head of the university. Sir, in your college days did you ever hear of one Orrison Sargeant?"

"Did I? Why, he was in Princeton with me, a classmate and a warm friend."

"He was—he is—my brother!"

"Do you really mean—pray don't upset my reason wholly. Just what do you mean?"

"My blood brother! Unlike my sister and myself he was early sent back to the United States, so that his education could be of the best. Quite likely, following an odd way of his, he never mentioned to you that he had relatives in Polynesia."

"I do not recall that he ever mentioned relatives or even the Pacific Islands."

"Just like Orrison. Well, I had often heard him speak of a classmate named Jack Terrimore, and when, a few days back, I knew there was a John Terrimore in yonder town who was a Princeton man, I was duly impressed. The name was so unusual that it did not seem possible there could be two bearing it, and graduates of the big university.

"Well reasoned out."

"Now you see that my hunt for a college president was not quite haphazard. I believed that you were my brother's good friend, so I had faith in you. You reach another step that must be explained. The name of the mystery is Miss Etheldа Sargeant."

"More to come?" cried Terrimore.

"More, sir! Etheldа is my sister. Unlike me, she saw fit to give up work for the Kanakas, after our parents died, so she went to live with our uncle, Milloway Dick. You have met him. Your odd first encounter with Etheldа had no points other than those already known to you, but it was at my request that she talked so much to you about the power of

(Continued on Page 30.)

FOR love and freedom's sake he gave up his royal inheritance and sought a strange land. Those were the perilous days—the days of romance and adventure—and this extraordinary story is replete with thrills. It was begun in No. 42, October 20, and if you wish to read the story which has gone before, subscriptions may begin with that issue or back copies can be obtained from news dealers, our agents or by mail direct from the office of publication.

And so I dressed and went silently downstairs. The Pawnees were asleep in the kitchen. I took some bread and meat from them, and also some grain for the horse: then mounted and rode to the river.

The ferryman lived near the old stockade. Some time always passed after he saw her coming before the deliberate Frenchman responded. I led my horse upon the unwieldy craft propelled by two long sweeps which the ferryman managed, running from one to another according to the swing of the current. It was a cloudy day when we reached the other shore; one of those days, gray overhead, when moisture seems to exhale from the ground, instead of descending. Many light clouds flitted under the grayness. The garden spots were full of green blush thru its old brown fleece.

I saw the first sailing vessel of spring coming to anchor, from the straits of the Great Lakes. Once I would have hailed that vessel as possible bearer of news. Now I could bring me nothing of any importance.

The trail along the Fox River led over rolling land, dipping into creek and ravine at intervals. Each steel blue in the shade, becomes tawny as its namesake when its fur of rough weed is turned up to redden in the sunlight. Under grayness, with a soft wind blowing, the Fox showed his blue coat.

The trail came to a ravage, with a ridge running along in the distance, and open country spreading away on the other side. Here I dismounted, tied my saddle and looked back over the half-wooded trail. I thought I saw a figure walking a long way behind me, and I was alone, tried to discern what it was. But under that gray sky nothing was sharply defined. I went on thinking of the book in the breast of my coat.

It was certain I was not to marry. And being without hope, and even stimulated by the sky, I began to think also what unstable material I had taken in hand when I undertook to deal with Indians. Instinctively I knew then what a young Southern statesman named Jefferson Davis, whom I first met as a commandant of the fort at Green Bay, afterward told me in Washington: "No commander in a republic has his hand with interests apart from the federated whole." White men, who have exclaimed from the beginning that I was a fool, have done the red man, and who keep on pitying and exterminating him, made a federated whole with interests apart from his.

Again when I looked back I saw the figure, but it was afoot, and I soon lost it in a cove.

My house had been left undisturbed by hunters and Indians. Before entering it I tied the horse to a gallery post and unfastened the door. A pile of refuse timbers offered wood for a fire, and I carried in several loads of it, and lighted the virgin chimney. Then I brought water from a spring and ate hastily, fast, sitting before the fire and thinking a little wearily and bitterly of my prospect in life.

Having fed my horse, I covered the fire, leaving a good store of fuel by the hearth, and rode away toward the Menominee and Winnebago lands.

The day was a hard one, and when I came back hard upon dusk I was glad to stop with the officers of the stockade and share their mess.

"You look fagged," said one of them.

"The horse paths are heavy," I answered, "and I have been as far as the Indian lands."

I had been as far as that remote time when Eagle was not a Cloud-Mother. To cross the river and see her smiling in meaningless happiness seemed more than I could do.

Yet she might notice my absence. We had been housed together ever since she had discovered me. Our walks and rides, our fireside talks and evening diversions were never separate. At Pierre Grignon's the family flocked in companies. When the padlocked book sent me out of the house I forgot that she was used to my presence and might be disturbed by an absence no one could explain.

"The Pawnees have come in from the Straits," said the Lieutenant.

"Yes, I saw her come to anchor as I rode out this morning."

"She brought a passenger."

"Anybody of importance?"

"At first blush, no. At second blush, yes."

"Why 'no' at first blush?"

"Because he is only a priest."

"Only a priest, haughty officer! Are civilians and churchmen dirt under Army feet?"

The Lieutenant grinned.

"When you see a missionary priest landing among Indians, he doesn't seem quite so important as a prelate from Ghent, for instance."

"Is this passenger a prelate from Ghent?"

"That is where the second blush comes in. He is."

"How do you know?"

"I saw him, and talked with him."

"What is he doing in Green Bay?"

"Looking at the country. He was inquiring for you."

"For me?"

"Yes."

"What could a prelate from Ghent want with me?"

"Says he wants to make inquiries about the native tribes."

"Oh! He must recommend me as an expert in native tribes!"

"Naturally. But not until he asked if you were here."

"He mentioned my name?"

"Yes. He wanted to see you. You'll not have to step out of your way to gratify him."

"From that I infer there is a new face at Pierre Grignon's."

"Your inference is correct. The Grignons always lodge the priests, and a great many more than one will be certainly quartered with them."

"What is he like?"

"A smooth and easy gentleman."

"In a cassock?"

"Tell a poor post lieutenant what a cassock is."

"The long-skirted black coat reaching to the heels."

"Our missionary priests don't wear it here. He has the hands and head and general appearance of a priest, but his coat has very long——"

"Then he has laid aside the cassock while traveling thru this country."

The officer from Genet, no doubt a common priest, not a Lieutenant, undertook to dignify, slipped directly out of my mind.

Madame Ursule was waiting for me, on the gallery with fluted pinars at the front of the house.

"M'sr' Williams, where is Madeleine?" Her anxiety vibrated thru the darkness.

"Isn't she here, madame?"

"She has not been seen today."

We stood in silence, then began to speak together.

"But, madame——"

"M'sr' Williams——"

"I went away early——"

"When I heard from the Pawnees that you had gone off on horseback so early I thought it possible you might have taken her with you."

"Madame, how could I do that?"

"Of course you wouldn't have done that. But we can't find her. We've inquired all over La Baye. She left the house when no one saw her. She was never out after nightfall before."

"But, madame, she must be here!"

"Oh, no! my boy. I was sure you knew where she was. I followed you about so! The poor child may be at the bottom of the river!"

"She can't be at the bottom of the river!" I retorted.

The girls ran out. They were dressed for a dance, and drew gauzy scarfs around their anxious faces. The house had been searched from ground to attic more than once. They were sure she must be hiding from them.

I remembered the figure that appeared to me on the trail. My heart stopped. I could not humiliate my Cloud-Mother by placing her before them in the act of tracking me like a dog. I could not tell any one about it, but asked for Skenedonk.

"The Indian had been out on the river in a canoe. He came silently, and stood near me. The book was between us. I had it in the breast of my coat, and he had it on his conscience.

"Bring out your horse and get me a fresh one." I said.

"Where shall I find one?"

"Pierre Will give you one of ours," said Madame Ursule. "But you must eat."

"I had my supper with the officers of the fort, madame. I will be back quite a brief—as brief as I had known what had happened on this side of the river."

I forgot to tell you, M'sr' Williams, there is an abbé from Europe. He asked for you."

"I cannot see him tonight."

Skenedonk drew near me to speak, but I was impatient of any delay. We went into the house, and Madame Ursule said she would bring a blanket and some food to strap behind my saddle. The girls helped her. There was a bush in the jolly bustle, and I was hustled out of the family room. I saw behind him, standing as he had stood at Michilimackinac at the first sweet presence, waiting for Pierre Grignon to speak the words of introduction.

"It is the custom of France again!" exclaimed the master of the house. "Abbé Edgeworth, this is M'sr' Williams."

"Monsieur," I said to the abbé with perfect courtesy, "believe me, I am glad to see you."

"Monsieur," I answered, giving him as brief notice as he had given me in Mitatu, yet without rancor—there was no room in me for it—"I am unerringly found the best house in the Illinois Territory, and I leave you to the enjoyment of it."

"You are leaving the house, monsieur."

"I find I am obliged to make a short journey."

"I have made a long one, monsieur. It may be best to tell you that I come charged with a message for you."

A thought of Madame d'Angouleme The sister who had been mine for a few minutes, and from whom my heart had cast me out, declaring that God had smitten the pretender when my eclipse laid me at his feet—remembered me in her misery, perhaps believed in me still. Women put wonderful restraints upon themselves.

Edgeworth and I looked steadily at each other.

"I hope Madame d'Angouleme is well?"

"She is well, and is the comforter of his majesty's misfortune."

"Monsieur the Abbe, a message would need to be private if you are to listened to tonight. I will give you audience in the morning, or when I return."

We both turned again. I took Pierre Grignon into the hall for counsel.

In the end he rode with me, for we concluded that Edgeworth should with a party along the east shore.

The searching for the lost is an experience peculiar to the world, its poignancy was new to me. I saw Eagle tangled in the wild oats of the river. I saw her in the branches of the trees. I heard those who called themselves at peace. I saw her wandering out and out, mile beyond mile, with settle-in places, and the tender mercy of wolves.

We crossed the ferry and took to the forest. Pierre Grignon was cheerfully

"Nothing has happened to her, M'sr' WiHiams," he insisted. "No Indian about this place would harm her, and the child is not so easy to hurt herself."

It was a starless night, muffled overhead as the day had been, but without rain or mist. We had a lantern hanging at his saddlebow, ready to light. In the open lanes we rode side by side, but when groups along the Fox first one and then the otner led the way.

We found my door unfastened. I remembered for the first time I had not locked it. Some one had been in the house. A low fire burned in the chimney. We raised and lighted the lantern. Footprints not our own had dried white upon the smooth dark floor.

They pointed to the fireplace and out again. They had been made by a woman's feet.

We descended the hill to the river, and tossed our light thru every bush, the lantern blinking in the wind. We explored the ravine, the light stealing over white boulders that glistened like alabaster. It was no use to call her name. She might be hidden behind a tree

laughing at us. We had to surprise her to recover her. Skenedonk would have traced her where we lost the trail.

When we went back to the house, dejected with physical weariness, I unstrapped the blanket and the food which Madame Ursule had sent, and brought them to Pierre Grignon. He threw the blanket on the settee, laid out bread and meat on the table, and ate, both of us blaming ourselves for sending the Indian on the other side of the river.

We traced the hard route which I had followed the day before, and reached Green Bay about dawn. Pierre Grignon went to bed exhausted. I had some breakfast and waited for Skenedonk. He had not returned, but had sent one man back to say there was no clew. The meal was like a passover eaten in haste. I could not wait, but set out again, with a pillion which I had carried uselessly in the night strapped again upon the horse for her seat, in case I found her; and leaving word for the Oneida to follow.

I had forgotten there was such a person as Abbe Edgeworth, when he led a horse upon the ferry boat.

"You ride early as well as late. May I join you?"

"I ride on a search which cannot interest you, monsieur."

"Your mistake. I understand what has disturbed the house, and I want to ride with you."

"It will be hard for a horseman accustomed to avenues."

"It will suit me perfectly."

It did not suit me at all, but he took my coldness with entire courtesy.

"Have you breakfasted, monsieur?"

"Only my usual slice of bread and cup of water before rising," he answered.

Again I led on the weary trail to my home. Abbe Edgeworth's gallop still kept pace with me where there was room, or riding behind where there was not. The air had grown chill, and shadow clouds ran in an upper current across the deepest blueness I had seen in many a day. The sun showed beyond rows of hills.

I bethought myself to ask the priest if he knew anything of Count de Chaumont. He answered very simply and directly that he did; that I might remember the Count and Countess mentioned in Mittau. The Count, he said, according to common report, had retired with his daughter and son-in-law to Blois, where he was vigorously rebuilding his ruined chateau of Chaumont.

If my mind had been upon the priest, I should have wondered what he came for. He did not press his message.

"The court is gaudy in exile?" I said, when we could ride abreast.

"At Ghent."

"Berlenger visited me last September. He was without a Dauphin."

"We could supply the deficiency," Abbe Edgeworth pleasantly replied.

"With the boy he left in Europe?"

"Oh, dear no. With royal dukes. You observed his majesty would not pension a helpless idiot without encouraging Dauphins. These Dauphins are thicker than blackberries. The Dauphin myth has become so common that whenever we see a beggar approaching, we say, 'There comes another Dauphin.' One of them is a fellow who calls himself the Duke of Richemont. He has followers who believe absolutely in him. Somebody, seeing him asleep, declared it was the face of the dead King.

I felt stung, remembering the Marquis du Plessy's words.

"Oh, yes, yes," said Abbe Edgeworth. "He has visions, too. Half memories, when the face of his mother comes back to him?"

"What about his scars?" I asked hardily.

"Scars! Yes, I am told he has the proper stigmata of the Dauphin. He was taken out of the Temple prison; a dying boy being substituted for him there. We all know the Dauphin's physician died suddenly; some say he was poisoned; and a new physician attended the boy who died in the Temple. Of course the priest who received the child's confession should have known a Dauphin when he saw one. But that's neither here nor there. We lived then in surprising times."

"Madame d'Angouleme would recognize him as her brother if she saw him?" I suggested.

"I think she is not so open to tokens as at one time. Women's hearts are tender. The Duchess d'Angouleme could never be convinced that her brother died."

"But others, including her uncle, were convinced?"

"The Duke of Richemont was not. What do you yourself think, Monsieur Williams?"

"I think that the man who is out is an infinite joke. He tickles the whole world. People have a right to laugh at a man who cannot prove he is what he says he is. The difference between a pretender and a usurper is the difference between the top of the hill and the bottom."

The meeting sun showed the white [illegible] clean and [illegible] and brightened [illegible] I saw the dead [illegible] had been left [illegible]

[illegible] mount and tie our horses a little distance away. And I asked him to wait outside and let me enter alone.

He obligingly sauntered on the hill overlooking the Fox; I stepped upon the gallery and looked in.

The sweep of a gray dress showed in front of the settle. Eagle was there. I stood still.

She had put on more wood. Fire crackled in the chimney. I saw, and seemed to have known all night, that she had taken pieces of unbroken bread and meat left by Pierre Grignon on my table; that her shoes were cleaned and drying in front of the fire; that she must have carried her dress above contact with the soft ground.

When I asked Abbe Edgeworth not to come in, her dread of strangers influenced me less than a desire to protect her from his eyes, haggard and dragged as she probably was. The instinct which made her keep her body like a temple had not failed her in the strong excitement that drove her out. Whether she slept under a bush, or not at all, or took to the house after Pierre Grignon and I left it, she was resting quietly on the settle before the fireplace, without a stain of mud upon her.

I could see nothing but the foot of her dress. Had any change passed over her face? Or had the unstrained heart of my Cloud-Mother followed me on the road?

Perhaps the cloud had thickened. Perhaps thunders and lightnings moved within it. Sane people sometimes turn wild strength against Pierre Grignon and I friends, and fighting against being restrained and brought home.

The gray dress in front of my hearth I could not see without a heaving of the breast.

CHAPTER XXX.

HOW a man's life is drawn, turned and shaped, by a single day! He may die at. He may swagger and lie about it. Heredity, ambition, lust, noble aspirations, work, indolence, good and ill fortune, success, have their turns with him. But the woman he desires above all others, whose presence is his true home, makes him, mars him.

Had she cast herself on the settle exhausted after the violence of the storm? I find her muttering and helpless? Worse than all, had the night made her forget that she was my Cloud-Mother?

I drew my breath with an audible sound in the throat. Her dress stirred. She leaned around the edge of the settle.

Eagle de Ferrier, not my Cloud-Mother, looked at me. Her features were pinched from exposure, but flooded themselves instantly with a blush. She snatched her shoes from the hearth and drew them on.

I was taken with a trembling that I held to a gallery post.

Suppose this glimpse of herself had been given to me only to be withdrawn! I was afraid to speak, and waited.

She stood up facing me.

"Louis—"

"Madame."

"What is the matter, sire?"

"Nothing, absolutely nothing.

"Where is Paul?"

I did not know what to do, and looked at her completely helpless; for if I told her Paul was dead, she might relapse, and evasions must be temporary.

"The Indian took him," she cried.

"But the Indian didn't kill him, Eagle."

"How do you know?"

"Because Paul came to me."

"He came to you? Where?"

"At Fort Stephenson."

"Where is Fort Stephenson?"

"He is at Fort Stephenson."

"Bring him to me."

"I can't bring him, Eagle."

"Then let me go to him.

I did not know what to say to her.

"And there were Cousin Philippe and Ernestine lying across the step. I have been thinking all night. Do you understand it?"

"Yes, I understand it, Eagle."

By the time I had come into the house her mind leaped forward to other scenes. The blanket she had held on her shoulders fell around her feet. It was a striped gay Indian blanket.

"You were attacked, and the settlement was burned."

"But whose house is this?"

"This is my house."

"Did you bring me to your house?

I wasn't there."

"No, I remember. You were not there. I saw you the last time at the Tuileries."

"When did you come to yourself, madame?"

"I have been sick, haven't I? But I have been sitting by this fire nearly all night, trying to understand. I knew I was alone, because Cousin Philippe and Ernestine—I was not Paul?"

I looked at the floor, and must have appeared miserable. She passed her hands back over her forehead many times as if brushing something away. "If he died, tell me."

"I held him, Eagle."

"They didn't kill him?"

"No."

"Or scalp him?"

"The knife never touched him!"

"But—"

"It was in battle."

"My child died in battle? How long have I been ill?"

[illegible]

"I quite XVIII. on the throne? Did true [illegible] suffer that?"

Evidently."

"Sire, what became of Napoleon?"

"He was beaten by the allies and sent to Elba. Louis XVIII. was brought in with processions. But in about eleven months Napoleon made a dash across France."

"Tell me slowly. You say I have been ill more than a year. I know nothing of what has happened."

"Napoleon escaped from Elba, made a dash across France, and incidentally swept the Bourbon off the throne. The last news from Europe shows him gathering armies to meet the allies."

"Oh, sire, you should have been there!"

Abbe Edgeworth suggests that France is well supplied with Dauphins also. Herding off Dauphins has been a pastime [illegible]

"Abbe Edgeworth? Do you mean the priest you saw at Mittau?"

"Confessor and almoner to his majesty. The same man."

"Is he here?"

"You saw him pass the door."

"Why has he come to America?"

"I have not inquired."

"Why is he here with you?"

"Because it pleases him, not me. He brings you some message?"

"No, no, no!"

"What is it

"I have not had time to ask?"

She stood up. As she became more herself and less my Cloud-Mother, and in her face, I saw how her beauty had ripened. Hoeing corn and washing in the river does not coarsen well-born women. I knew I should feel the sweetness of her presence stinging thru me and following me wherever I went in the world.

"Call the priest in, sire. I am afraid I have hindered the interview."

"I did not meet him with my arms open, madame."

"But you would have heard what he had to say, if I had not been in your house. Why am I in your house?"

"You came to me."

"Was I wandering about by myself?"

"Yes, madame."

"I thought I must have been walking. When I came to myself I was so tired, and my shoes were muddy. If you want to ask the priest I will go to another room.

"No. I will bring him in and let him

(Continued on Page 22)

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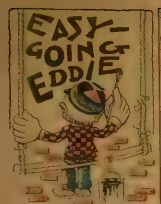
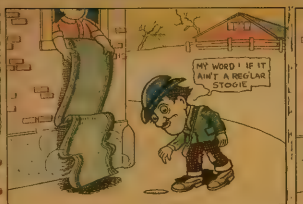
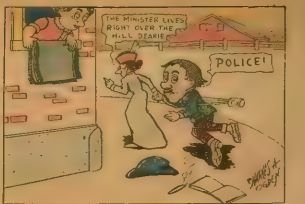






Cause for Regret.

Young Doctor—"Have you never been mistaken in your diagnosis, doctor?"

Old Practitioner—"Only once. A shabby-genteel man came to consult me, and I told him he had only got indigestion, and afterwards I found out he was rich enough to have had appendicitis."

Army Trials.

Officer (interrogating a recruit)—"Where do you belong to?"

Recruit—"I Company, sir."

Officer—"I mean, where are you a native of?"

Recruit—"No native at all, sir.

Officer—"Where is your home?"

Recruit—"Kemp Street, sir."

Officer (irritably)—"Where is your birthplace?"

Recruit—"Here, sir" (pointing to birthmark on his nose).

Officer (exasperatedly)—"Where were you stationed?"

Recruit—"Eyesight was attested at Chicago, sir."

Officer (apoplectically)—"Dash it all, man! Where were your enlistment papers signed at?"

Recruit—"At the bottom, sir"

A CHILDISH ROMANCE.

Autumn maiden—fell of fun,
Football player—happy one
Maiden waves a flag of bliss
From the grandstand—chatter two
Football player turns to see,
Down he tumbles—chatter three
Lost some scalp and what is more
Lost his heart—that's chapter four
And he says, as surgeons mend,
"Woe my gosh!" and that's the end.
Next there'll be a wedding soon.
Then a happy honeymoon.

An Experiment That Misfires.

Here is a very interesting experiment that will mystify and entertain old folks as well as young. It makes an excellent unfortunate if you have a plaster-board box and cut a round hole in the middle of one side. Place the box on a table and then place a lighted candle on the other side directly opposite the aperture and on a level with the hole in the box. Now smoke into the box and then sharply tap the back of the box with a pencil or stick, and there will issue from the hole and travel straight across to the candle a succession of rounded puffs of smoke. More mystery is added if only one is blown at a time. When you are tired of the experiment, the invisible air ring will extinguish the flame.

A Slight Mistake.

A very short-sighted old gentleman came into one of our large stores for the first time, and coming from the heart of the country, seeing a man dusting, went to him and said:

"My man, for whom digged thou this long and narrow grave?"

Now the man took no notice. Going closer, he remarked again:

"My man, for whom digged thou this long and narrow grave?"

"Go on, you silly old fossil," said the workman, "I'm only laying gas-pipes

His Mistake.

Captain Jones was a very round-shouldered and scientific officer.

On a particularly dark night in Egypt, while practicing his company in outpost duty, he approached one of the sentries who failed to halt him.

In a great rage the officer demanded of the now trembling sentry the reason why he had omitted to challenge him.

"If you please, sir," stuttered the confused soldier, "I thought you was a camel"

A Quiet Game.

Tommy—"Can we play at keeping store in here, mamma?"

Mamma (who has a headache)—"Yes, but you must be very, very quiet."

Tommy—"All right, we'll pretend we don't advertise."

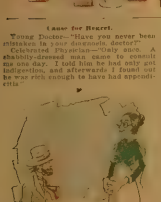
A VOLUME OF BUSINESS.

"Miss, I gotter kiss on your check."

"No, indeed! Impertinent!"

"Well, I gotter kiss on your mouth."

No one was in sight, and I rather guess I printed a large edition.



"You say your wife always used to greet you with a shower of flowers when you came home to lunch? How lovely!"

"Term, lady, only she used to forget to remove 'em from de flower pots before throwin' 'em my way."

His Wife Knew It.

A man who had been drinking too much liquor for his own good was indicted to sign the pledge the other day. His wife was delighted. She took the document and said:

"I'm sure he'll make have it. I will keep it for you."

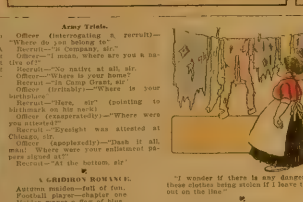
The whisper was conducted to her custody. On the next day the man was drinking again as freely as before.

"How is this?" asked a friend. "You signed the pledge yesterday, and now you are drinking whisky again."

"It's all right," replied the pledge-signer, in unsteady tones, "I don't have to keep that pledge. My wife says she'll keep it for me. That's the kind of a wife to have old fellow."

MOVIEGRAPH

PUNCH CARPENTER



"I wonder if there is any danger of those clothes being stolen if I leave them out on the line?"

Exchange of Currencies.

An Irishman was sitting in the second-class waiting-room at a railway station when a woman came in, and, sitting down beside him, remarked:

"Sir, if you were a gentleman you would not smoke here."

"Mona," he said, "if you was a lady you'd go to the ladies' waiting-room."

"If I please to sit here I'll do it," the lady retorted angrily.

"All right, mum," said the Irishman, quietly. "If it pleases ye to sit wid me I'll put up wid you."

"If you were my husband I'd give you poison," cried the woman.

"If you were the wife I'd take it."

Courageous Horatius.

Who takes a look below, I wot,
Horatius at the bridge will spot;
Who bold off foes galore—about ten
Will make a stick, a score or fifteen
From the hole and travel straight across
The river unperturbed. Soundly he'll
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Will make a stick, a score or fifteen
From the hole and travel straight across
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Carpenter's Lovemaking.

"It is plane' that I love you," he began.
"Is that on the level?" she asked
"Haven't I always been on the 'mure'e with you?" he urged.
"But you have many 'vines,'" she remonstrated.
"Not a 'bit' of it," he asserted
"What made you 'hear up'" she inquerried, cooperatively.
"The fact that I 'saw' you," he replied.
"I ought to 'hammer' you for that," she answered, mavrily.
"Chone and sit by me on the 'bench,'" he said.
"Suppose the rest of the family should chime in?" she suggested.
"You should let your arms 'compass' me," she continued.
"I know a preacher who is a good 'joiner,'" he suggested.
"Promise not to 'chisel' him out of his fee," she requested.
"That would be 'sugar' well for us," he answered.
"Shall I wear the 'blue print' when we go for the license?" she asked
"That's 'AW' right with me," was his rejoinder.

SPOILING A HUSBAND.

"Oh, dear, I'm so afraid Mrs. Bunnyside is going to spoil her husband!" exclaimed Mrs. Beach.

Not Named.

A witness in Gerrthings, a recent week-ender, was asked the name of the head policeman of the station was a man with one eye, a wooden leg and a pipe.

"I don't know the name of the man," he replied, "but I'd know him anywhere. I'd regard to remember his name, and, spite of my efforts, I asked questions, but I couldn't remember it. I was opposing counsel in a case, and I offered him a dollar from the end of the case if he'd tell me his name, but he refused. I offered him five dollars, but he refused. I offered him ten dollars, but he refused. I offered him twenty dollars, but he refused. I offered him fifty dollars, but he refused. I offered him a hundred dollars, but he refused. I offered him two hundred dollars, but he refused. I offered him five hundred dollars, but he refused. I offered him a thousand dollars, but he refused. I offered him two thousand dollars, but he refused. I offered him five thousand dollars, but he refused. I offered him ten thousand dollars, but he refused. I offered him twenty thousand dollars, but he refused. I offered him fifty thousand dollars, but he refused. I offered him a hundred thousand dollars, but he refused. I offered him two hundred thousand dollars, but he refused. I offered him five hundred thousand dollars, but he refused. I offered him a million dollars, but he refused. I offered him two million dollars, but he refused. I offered him five million dollars, but he refused. I offered him ten million dollars, but he refused. I offered him twenty million dollars, but he refused. I offered him fifty million dollars, but he refused. I offered him a hundred million dollars, but he refused. I offered him two hundred million dollars, but he refused. I offered him five hundred million dollars, but he refused. I offered him a billion dollars, but he refused. I offered him two billion dollars, but he refused. I offered him five billion dollars, but he refused. I offered him ten billion dollars, but he refused. I offered him twenty billion dollars, but he refused. I offered him fifty billion dollars, but he refused. I offered him a hundred billion dollars, but he refused. I offered him two hundred billion dollars, but he refused. I offered him five hundred billion dollars, but he refused. I offered him a trillion dollars, but he refused. I offered him two trillion dollars, but he refused. I offered him five trillion dollars, but he refused. I offered him ten trillion dollars, but he refused. I offered him twenty trillion dollars, but he refused. I offered him fifty trillion dollars, but he refused. I offered him a hundred trillion dollars, but he refused. I offered him two hundred trillion dollars, but he refused. I offered him five hundred trillion dollars, but he refused. I offered him a quadrillion dollars, but he refused. I offered him two quadrillion dollars, but he refused. I offered him five quadrillion dollars, but he refused. I offered him ten quadrillion dollars, but he refused. I offered him twenty quadrillion dollars, but he refused. 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I offered him two hundred novemnillinillion dollars, but he refused. I offered him five hundred novemnillinillion dollars, but he refused. I offered him a billinillinillion dollars, but he refused. I offered him two billinillinillion dollars, but he refused. I offered him five billinillinillion dollars, but he refused. I offered him ten billinillinillion dollars, but he refused. I offered him twenty billinillinillion dollars, but he refused. I offered him fifty billinillinillion dollars, but he refused. I offered him a hundred billinillinillion dollars, but he refused. I offered him two hundred billinillinillion

Private Ball's Top Hat

By Lieutenant H. Featherston Clark

Private Ball was a "born clown" and he furnishes the basis for a delicious bit of real life humor from "over there." The author has since died in battle.

A COMPANY of Royal Huntingdonshire Regiment had fallen in along the cobbled street of the gray walled French village. They waited, "standing easy," and a low hum of conversation pervaded the ranks. Suddenly it died away. A small group of officers emerged from their billet higher up the street and walked toward the company. "Company, 'shun," said the sergeant major. A hundred and twenty-odd rifles clicked simultaneously to their owners' sides, and the same number of healthy faces assumed the wooden expression that the well-trained soldier considers a necessary part of the position of "Attention."

The sergeant major stepped briskly up to the second in command.

"A hundred and twenty-seven on parade. One man absent, sir," he announced.

"Who's that?" asked the second in command.

"Private Ball, sir," replied the sergeant major.

The second in command turned to the captain, who, as fresh as they, had heard all this perfectly well, saluted gravely, and repeated the information. A company liked to do things with a bit of "swank."

"Ball, eh?" said the captain. "That fellow's getting a bit of a nuisance. Have to be jumped on, tho I don't want to do it. He's such a deuced funny devil.

"Inspect your platoons, gentlemen," he ordered. The subalterns saluted and departed to their task.

The sergeant major coughed discreetly and remarked, "I see 'im engaged with the mayor's daughter before parade, sir."

"I'll daughter him," snapped the captain.

At that moment a little man with an exceedingly small head, hatless, and carrying a rifle, was observed doubling along the street to the company.

"Private Ball. Here!" roared the sergeant major. The little man marched up and got on his belt which a stone statue caught absent from its pedestal might be expected to assume.

"Where have you been?" demanded the officer.

"Lookin' for me 'at, sir. Couldn't find none."

"Go and get one."

"Cawn't find none to fit, sir. Me 'ead's so—"

"Get any hat you can find," said the captain testily.

A few minutes passed; the platoon commanders finished their inspection and stood before their platoons.

The captain stepped back two or three paces and called the company to attention. They stood stiff and solemn as gateposts. Suddenly he noticed the wooden look on their faces relax. One man in the 3 Platoon was actually grinning. The captain turned on his heel sharply and caught his breath. He was used to astonishing cheek. He had dealt with them for the last two years from Ypres to the Somme, but this was out of the ordinary. For a brief instant he reflected. The company would certainly laugh. It would be better for the company to be within the letter of the law, so to speak, at the position of "stand easy" than grin and giggle at the position of "attention."

"Stand at ease—stand easy," he said.

On the word a roar of laughter crashed like a wave from one end of the company to another. Even the sergeant major pretended to blow his nose, while Captain Herrington was well troubled with a fly in his throat.

For bearing down on the company in a "swank" and solemn manner, as the drillbook has it, came Private Ball, rifle at the slope, wearing a dingy top hat, and a long black mackintosh—the righteousness on his india rubber countenance. The captain had given him a free hand in the matter of hats and his impish sense of humor had been too much for him.

In the trenches shortly afterward the captain, coming suddenly upon his men, surprised Private Ball giving further vent to his humorous abilities.

With a piece of dried cabbage from the rations pinned in his tunic for a buttonhole bouquet, a bit of barbed wire for a walking stick, and the top of a calcium carbide tin in his eye to represent the captain's eyeglass, Private Ball was meandering along the muddy trench giving a performance entitled "The Cepting Strolling Dude Round Street," with imaginary shop windows on either side and commenting on the beautiful displays.

The captain, amused in spite of himself even as he choked down the wrath boiling within him, turned sharply upon his heel and departed.

A few weeks later the company, with many others, was going over the top to capture an exceedingly strong piece of German line.

Captain Merrington was taking a final [illegible] at the frontage of his company was about to assault. He looked cheerful enough—he always looked cheerful on these occasions—but his thoughts were grave. The bit of line his company had to attack was extremely strong and lay between the horns of two small salients in the enemy line. Therefore the space that A company would have to cross would be swept by flanking machine gun fire from both sides.

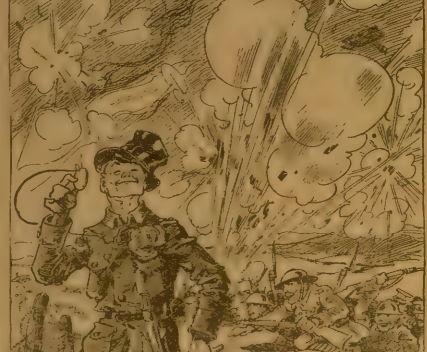
The captain had chosen Private Ball to be his "observer" on this occasion and he was carrying a sandbag.

"What's in that sandbag, Ball?" asked the dignified stride of the captain, but with the sidelong gait which has placed Mr. Charles Chaplin at the head of his profession.

It was one of the things that win battles. Every man who could see the hat thru the smoke of shell burst went forward behind it. The white plume of King Henry of Navarre was never more gallantly followed than his old top hat, the property of a French mairs.

Before he lost consciousness Captain Merrington knew that A company had reached its objective.

It was some time later, when Private



He Put on the Famous Top Hat and With a Screwpicket as a Walking Stick He Advanced Toward the German Lines.

Ball was convalescing, that the captain, still in hospital, received a letter and a curiously bulky package. This was the letter:

Sir: I am sending you a top hat, the same I made the company laugh with on parade, for which I am sorry, as I thought you would like it as a souvenir of that scrap. The boches were surprised to see me in a top hat, I think. They only hit me once, which was in the shoulder, and is nearly well. Thank you very much for sending my name in for that bit of ribbon, you being so ill at the time, and which is more than I should have got by rights. Hoping this finds you better than it leaves me—I am, yours respectfully, No 2271, Private E. Ball.

* * *

Scenting a Romance.

"DID you have a birthday or anything?" inquired the girl who was panning remnant price tags on different lengths of ribbon.

"Who—me?" answered the young woman at the lace counter with the extremely blond hair. "Why—"

"Oh, I didn't know," rejoined the girl at the ribbon counter. "Of course there was Christmas. You might have had it ever since then and I not noticed it. I only asked."

"Whatever are you talking about?" cried the girl at the lace counter with elaborate carelessness. "Really, Julia M'ree, I don't see how you expect folks to understand you when you don't talk plainer?"

"I never was any hand to crowd in," explained the girl at the ribbons. "If my friends care to tell me things I don't want to know—not me! I never did like to be curious about other people's business and you know it, Julia M'ree. I thought I'd ask. Diamond rings don't grow on bushes for the picking! You can't blame a person for noticing a headlight like that!"

"Oh!" said the girl at the lace counter, with a faint blush. "I didn't know you had seen it. I couldn't imagine what you meant. Goodness—why make a fuss over a simple thing like that!"

The girl pinning ribbons gave a sort of choked crow. "Simple!" she echoed. "Well, diamonds aren't so terribly simple. You talk as tho you used them instead of gravel for your walks around your p'latial estate, Hattie Doggett! Of course if people do better'n I can afford to put on airs that's their own affair! Only my father is a city official instead of just a clerk—that's yours. He's a gentleman, and he's taught us not to put on dog! 'Just remember,' he says to us often, 'that people will find out fast enough the position I hold without you kids boasting about it and don't act as tho you was better'n other folks!' Be kind to them!'

"None of our family would go around pretending Diamond was the dirt under our feet, tho the land knows we could have diamonds if we wanted 'em! Not that we'd be so foolish as to spend hard-earned money for foolishness like that!"

"I think," said the extremely blond young woman at the lace counter, "that you are very sensible, Julia M'ree. Land knows when a girl is so homely she hasn't any chance of marrying she is wise to save up for her old age! Not that I'm saying I bought my ring myself!"

"I don't suppose you did!" said her friend. "I never supposed you'd ever saw so much money at one time in your life! It's awful, being so improvident! Well, if you didn't buy it I suppose some one gave it to you—and I must say that what any girl can see in that sappy, weak-eyed pinhead of a Percy Fox Hall Boer-walks in the next aisle but one is beyond me! I'm sorry for the girl that ties up to him—a two-room flat for her for the rest of her life."

"Ye-es," agreed the blond young woman at the lace counter, laughing, "I don't think much of Percy myself!"

"Oh!" said the girl at the ribbon counter somewhat blankly. "Then he didn't give it to you? I don't like to pry, but I must say I have my opinion of a girl who keeps her affairs from her best friends and never talks about her steady company. I've told you all about Oscar Jones ago, and you never saying a word! Any child would know that a fellow who gives a girl a diamond ring expects to marry her! I don't suppose I'll even be invited to the wedding! Not that I care—but I must say it's a shabby way to treat an old friend!"

"I don't want you to think that I care in the least, Hattie Doggett, about your affairs! I don't want to know about your engagements, for that is not of the slightest consequence to me! I have plenty of interesting things happening to myself to take up my time. Only—a girl can't be very proud of a man who is ashamed to talk about even if he can afford to give her diamond rings—oh, I ain't saying they're in good taste when they're as big as a chunk of ice!"

"You make me laugh," said the blond young woman, turning her head so that the stone in question caught the rays of the arc light above. "It does sparkle, doesn't it? And I'm so sorry you're not about the ring, Juli. [illegible] My kid sister got it in a [illegible] and popcorn [illegible] party and maybe it [illegible] wore it just for fun."

"Hm!" snorted [illegible] the girl who was pinning tags on [illegible]. "Why didn't you say so before? I don't believe you at all, Hattie Doggett—and I bet you're ashamed of him!"

* * *

Half Mourning.

MISS ANNETTE BENTON, on returning from a visit, brought a gift to each of the household. Supposing she was the "day out" for Lily, the housemaid, so Annette distributed her gifts, reser[illegible] [illegible] blouse.

"I [illegible] do," said Mrs. Benton, [illegible] mourning."

"Yes, for her husband; he died in jail, and Lily's wearing a long crepe veil."

When Lily returned, her young mistress expressed regret. "I'll give the blouse to Lizzie," she said, "and get you something else."

Lily looked at the blouse, then she swallowed. "Don't you give that blouse to no Lizzie, Miss Annette, see me?" she warned. "She gwine outa mourning from the waist up."

The Great Diamond Table

By Robert Carlton Brown

A great diamond was missing. Its disappearance was uncanny. Christopher Poe, the banker-detective, found the solution in a pair of newly pressed trousers and the ice in a highball.

SHE looked the kind of prima donna who, in an ecstasy of spirit, would kick her twinkling-toed slipper into the audience with a shout of sheer surrender. Impulsive and daring, a toss to her features, a lift to her movements, a tilt on her toes alive like fire. Bronze hair that flashed. Spicy dash! Alluring abandon.

An, on the stage she was elastic and alive with verve and vivacity. Little wonder that men loved her at first sight. Poise and presence were given her. Savoir-faire!

It was only afternoon, but one of those gray winter days which make the coziest maisonettes along Champs Elysees seem gloomy and inhospitable. Ninon Nicolette did not share the gloom of Paris. She had soft, shimmering silk curtains, rosy pongee silk curtains, drawn at the windows of her splendid, simple little sitting-room. She had shut out the drizzle and charmed away the murkiness with an electric light glowing in the very heart of a red silk rose. Beneath the light on a heavy silk-covered divan, she snuggled, slow smoke from her cigarette gilding up, twining thru her hair catching pearly tints of rose-colored light and finally spreading so thin as to be nothing.

Her toe tapped petulantly on the highly polished floor. Once she pulled aside the delicate rose-tint curtain from the window and peeped out, then dropped back, muttering.

Twice she arose and stepped into her adjoining boudoir and each time, happy, demure, appealing glances at herself in the glass. Quite evidently she was awaiting some one, someone in particular, and Ninon was hardly the sort to be kept waiting. It must be a man she expected or she would not have penciled her brows so apparently, and a little rouge had been enough in view of the rose shade cuddling the fierce electric light in its caressing folds.

She threw herself on the divan again, musingly traced the pattern on the jeweled case of her watch, felt fondly of the pearls encircling her splendid throat, then clasped one hand in the other and looked long and deeply into the ruby center of a striking ring on her little finger. A tinkle of a muffled telephone bell aroused her, she uttered guiltily, dropped the hand bearing the absorbing gem, rushed to the 'phone and with a glad little ach in her voice, "Allo!"

Of course it was he, for she gave that quick smile into the receiver, turned the lights in her eyes low and waiting and when she had hung up straightened her bodice and wet down one penciled brow.

A minute later there came a neat rap at the door and, allowing a stimulating half minute to pass, Ninon stepped to the door and opened it, giving her hand to the man who entered, and greeting him with very personal interest, lending him at once the air of being placed cozily beside her divan beneath the rose-colored light, and pushing toward him a slender, confident-looking cigarette box.

They spoke in French and she shrugged prettily in accompaniment. But he was clearly an American, and she appreciated that, if one could not read his clear-cut face. There was nothing dapper in his appearance. Straightforward, frank American the clothes proclaimed him. A nice, neat suiting, cleverly cut, long, rolling lapels to the coat and snug, turned-up cuffs at the bottom of the slightly peg-top trousers. All American in makeup, he was, and the way he leaned forward tensely and gesticulated unskilfully showed that his knowledge of French was little more than most college men avail themselves of.

But Ninon talked a tiny bit of English sometimes, stumbling prettily and making the man feel by contrast that his French was good—fine! They talked slow and close with the intimate enthusiasm of artists, truly understanding each other, but from Ninon's frequent relapse into quiet formality it was evident they had not known each other long. She seemed unconsciously luring him on, yet she maintained a gentle, charming dignity. Her gesture became more vivacious and fascinating. The man grew ardent and energetic in speech; their mouths discussed trifles, but their eyes conversed more thoughtfully.

They came suddenly to speaking of Jewels. Ninon held out her ring to be admired.

"How you like see ruby—set see one big blood blot!" she stumbled in English, accompanying with a rippling motion of the hand, which caused the gem to shoot soft glances in the light from the rose-colored globe. "In six light eet ees zee blood drop of zee rose, Monsieur Armstrong?"

"It reflects your eyes in softness and richness of quality, tho they are deeper in color," cried Armstrong, reaching out to catch her hand by the finger tips to gaze closer at the jewel.

"Non-non-monsieur!" she cried, drawing the highly polished nails of her fingers into her palm as a tiger-cub kitten sheathing its claws. "Zee ruby! Zee ruby!"

Armstrong laughed low and dropped his outstretched hand. Ninon drew in her lower lip childishly and drooped her sweeping eyelashes toward him in soft reproach.

"It is beautiful—true pigeon blood," he cried. "suit your eyes, too—"

"Ah! Monsieur!" she cried, throwing up her hands in gentle protest. She glanced at his hand. "Zee ring of yours! Le diamond! May I see him?"

"Oh, surely," he smiled, leaning forward and extending his hand to show Ninon the striking diamond ring on his third finger.

She moved forward on the divan, bent over the ring, touched the stone ever so lightly, and exclaimed in childish pleasure, "Oh! Eet ees such a grand one. So beeg, so bright. Eet ees worth very much!" she sighed wistfully.

"Oh, it's not priceless," Armstrong smiled. "I like it, tho. It would be better in a more setting. You see the stone is rondelle cut, that makes it a bit top-heavy; it's worked a little loose, you see, in the eight Tiffany prongs."

Ninon touched it again ever so lightly and agreed that it was loose.

"You must be careful. Eet ees a very grownup stone, eet has an histoire perhaps?" She leaned forward raptly, like a child looking at a beautiful picture and waiting to have a fairy tale woven around it.

Armstrong laughed, shrugged his shoulders inexpertly and replied, "Oh, they say it's a part of the Great Diamond Table that Tavernier saw in Golconda, in 1642. It's since disappeared, you know. Of course I don't really think this was cut down from the table, but one can't help feeling that—Hello"

He cut off short as the electric bulb in the bosom of the rose shade snapped out, leaving the room in utter darkness.

"Oh!" cried Ninon, catching at Armstrong's extended hand in alarm.

"It must have burnt out. I'll find the trouble!" Armstrong stood up, shoved the hand Ninon had touched in surprise into his trousers' pocket and brought out a match box. In an instant he had lighted a match and stepped to the rose silk shade.

On inspecting the little electric light bulb it was found to be loose, and on screwing it tight the illuminating completed the connection and the room was again warm and light in the rose flow.

As she turned she saw Armstrong compelled the pillow into place, sank back against it in a flutter of excitement and exhaled a sigh of relief.

"You were saying——" she began, as Armstrong dusted his fingers and sat down.

"Oh—about the ring——" he smiled, extending his hand again.

Ninon looked at the ring and started back among the pillows, crying, "Mon Dieu!"

Armstrong stared at the ring and sat up, stiff and immovable.

The splendid diamond was gone—the band was there on his finger, but the setting gaped empty.

Armstrong was the first to move. He swallowed hard and forced a smile. "It must have dropped off and I reached for my match-box!" Pushing back the chair, he made a searching survey of the floor. It was highly polished hard wood, but no glitter of a diamond greeted his gaze.

"Lift see rug, Monsieur!" cried Ninon, jumping to her feet.

He caught up the antique oriental rug and shook it. Nothing but a hairpin dropped to the floor. He pushed back a lounge, dropped to his knees and looked under it. Ninon carefully shook out the pillows on the lounge and searched for the gem. There was no crack or crevice where it could have lodged.

"Maybe in your trousairs pocket eet dropped when you reach for zee match?" suggested Ninon, much excited and very sympathetic.

Armstrong examined all his pockets and shook out the wrinkles in his vest. No! It could not have caught in his clothes.

"Possibly in yours, Mademoiselle" he suggested, hesitantly.

"Non!" Non!" she cried in alarm. "Im-

The Splendid Diamond Was Gone—the Band Was There on His Finger, but the Setting Gaped Empty.

possible!" But she shook her skirt and the silken folds to her waist.

"Your hair?" Armstrong suggested between stumbling lips, fingering the hairpin he had picked up when he shook out the rug.

"How could eet jump into my hair?" she said childingly with an anxious laugh, shaking out a curl or two and feeling carefully all over, around and beneath her beautiful bronze coiffure.

After an hour's rigid search Armstrong was fully assured that the gem was not in the room.

"Your maid?" he finally made bold to suggest.

"Oh! Non! Impossible!" she cried petulantly. "She ees out zee whole afternoon. Monsieur is provoking!"

"I beg your pardon. I shouldn't have suggested it." Armstrong took up his hat to go. "I'm sorry to have caused you so much annoyance."

"Oh, eet ees nothing—and we shall search for eet always——"

"I hope you will come across it sooner than that." Armstrong tried to appear calm. "Of course it's not so much its intrinsic worth. My father wore it thirty years, you know. I would pay a handsome reward if—if your maid found it"

"Oh, impossible!" she cried excitedly, her face flushed. "Eet shall be found, Monsieur. Eet must be found!"

As Armstrong glanced up at the rose-curtained window when he had reached the street he saw Ninon Nicolette, her forehead puckered with worried wrinkles, examining the window ledge, shaking the curtains, still searching for the stone.

He went at once to his own apartments. There he calmly bathed his flushed face and changed to the afternoon suit his man had laid out on the bed for him. He felt somewhat refreshed after the shower, but found it impossible to compose his mind. So he flung out of the door and struck off toward a more modern part of town. There he entered a comfortable apartment house and walked up one flight, stopping before a door which bore a card reading, "Christopher Poe." The same Christopher Poe who, in New York, was a banker of high social position with a fondness for tracking down criminals and solving private mysteries for his friends. In Paris, where he often took a month's rest, he was nothing but a private citizen with very keen eyes and a quick way of catching up people who spoke carelessly.

Armstrong rang the bell. The door swung open at almost the same instant and a middle-height man with upstanding brown hair and short, thick eyebrows extended, in greeting, a long arm with slender figures. He fixed Armstrong with intense blue eyes and queried, "In love?"

"No. Another kind of trouble."

"Some woman, some worry about a woman, I'm sure," smiled Poe. "Not because we're in Paris, Armstrong, but you've screwed your lips down as tho whatever happened you weren't going to mention the name of Ninon Nicolette."

"How did you know?" cried Armstrong, startled.

"Saw you send the flowers to her box at the Chatelet last week. Read in the paper you picked up the Persian Bronze Pearl at auction yesterday—didn't see what possible use you could make of that until I recalled the bronze tints in Ninon Nicolette's hair and——"

"I see!" broke in Armstrong. "I admit it, I am crazy about her and I don't care what warning friends have — Tell me!" he cried tensely. "There surely isn't anything about her—you never heard any——"

"Why, of course not. What could any one say except that she is a charming actress hailing from the people?"

"That's just it. You don't suppose she could have any hereditary leaning toward—" he bit his lip and looked off again. "Well, you know, she seems so childishly fond of—oh, so many things."

"Come upon a time behind the bushes, you are talking as a veiled lady of the Orient looks," cried Poe.

"Oh, yes; I know it's all perfect rot. I don't know how the thought ever seeped into my fool head. There must have been a crack, a crevice somewhere——"

"In your head?" smiled Poe.

"Oh, no. In the floor—of course—it's absurd; it can't be that Ninon Nicolette is——"

"A kleptomaniac?" supplied Christopher Poe.

"Yes!" Armstrong had no more than sat down. He leaped to his feet and leaned over Poe, who was seated, looking deep into the inscrutable violet eyes of the banker-detective. His fingers twitched nervously. "Tell me, was there ever the slightest breath of it? Have you ever heard the faintest whisper of it?"

"Ninon a kleptomaniac? No!" cried Poe with a reassuring smile to the younger man.

"Thank goodness!" cried Armstrong,

Then he turned sharply. "None of the family, either. You're sure?"

"Yes, I am sure. As her mother was twenty years in a convent and her father six many years in prison for debt I don't think either ever had a chance to develop any secrets."

"Then why did you suggest just what I was thinking of?" Armstrong demanded suspiciously.

"My dear boy," said Poe, "sit down. Sit down and hold your hand calmly while you count twenty. Or, if you are even doubting my friendship, I told you it was a woman worrying you. Listen! You rush into my room like a madman and demand to know if I ever heard anything breathed against fair Ninon. I notice at once that the Great Diamond Trade is missing from its prongs and that in your excitement you have failed to remove the empty band. There is a particle of towel-lint adhering to one of the prongs, which shows that you have gone home to wash and change your afternoon clothes. I imagine you did that so early in the day in an effort to refresh and compose yourself after some excitement, which must be that of losing your wonderful stone. Then you stammer strangely about Ninon and I immediately imagine she is the only one you can suspect. That is why I suggested indifference. Now, then, why do you think for a minute that Ninon——"

"Oh, I don't!" Armstrong burst out. "Only——" He wavered for a moment and finally recounted the whole story to his friend.

Poe whistled his surprise at the end of it. "It's an interesting problem," he mused, running his long nervous fingers thru his grayish hair and twisting his lips in a reflective pout. "A man runs to see a lady whom he admires. She is a prominent prima donna. She asks to see a famous diamond he is wearing. He remarks that the stone is loose. While she is looking at the stone, touching it even, the light above her mysteriously goes out. In the darkness, just before the man reaches into his trousers pocket for a match he feels another hand touch his—of course that may or may not have been the lady's, but no one else was in the room—and then the whole world was out. When the light is turned on, presto! the stone is gone! The floor is perfectly matched and highly polished wood. Everything is searched, the rugs, divan, corners, everything, even the lady's dress and the gentleman's pockets. Interesting! Entertaining!" As he paused his forehead suddenly broke up into sharp wrinkles, his shoulders shrugged and jerked down contemplatively. "Oh, I say, Armstrong, what clothes did Ninon have on?"

"Just a simple silver gown with little trimming on the what you call it—the bodice, and there was no chance for the stone to have lodged there and escaped her search."

"And you had on?"

"Just a lounge suit, comfortably cut; she 'phoned me at the club that I might call if I came at once, I didn't have time to change."

"I see." Poe pushed back his chair, stepped to a corner of the room and turned on an electric light jutting from the wall. Pushing back two chairs, he dragged up a lounge, threw a rug in front of it, dropped back among the pillows, and requested Armstrong to assume the position he had been in in relation to Ninon. Armstrong drew up a chair and leaned forward in it.

"Wait a minute! Pull down that blind!" requested Poe.

The blind was pulled down so far that no light came in from outside, the room being illuminated only by the electric globe.

"Now this is a good deal like the general situation at Ninon's?" asked Poe.

"Almost identical."

"Then show me the ring the same way——"

Armstrong had leaned forward to simulate his former position when the electric light suddenly went out.

"What's the matter?" he cried, jumping up.

"Strike a match!" ordered Poe.

As Armstrong reached into his pocket for the match he had given Ninon, the electric light flashed back on and he blinked down at Poe, who lay on the couch, quietly composed, and grinned at the dumfounded expression on Armstrong's face and asked abruptly:

"Were you calling on Ninon this morning when you went to Ninon's?"

"Drizzling. Yes."

"You passed several street corners?"

"I had some errands. I walked several blocks before getting into a cab."

"In the rain?"

"Yes."

"Good!" cried Poe. He dropped his eyes and a quick smile flickered in his firm cheeks.

"How'd you work the light? How'd you make it go off and on just so?" asked Armstrong, still somewhat stupefied by the sudden scene that had been enacted.

For answer Poe pulled the pillow against which he had been leaning. It concealed an ordinary electric light switch.

"How absurd! Why didn't I think of it?" Armstrong said limply, then started forward abruptly. "Why, I noticed Ninon arranging a pillow just there——"

"You'd better go home now—and try not to worry about this thing," Poe cut him off short. "I think I'll get that diamond for you within an hour or two. Wait! Go to your club instead. It is now four-thirty. I will dine with you this evening. What is your regular hour?"

"I'm eating early tonight. I told Jacques to have my dinner brought in at seven."

"Good! We will change that to six sharp. Call up Jacques. Tell him you eat at six and that you will be home on the minute, not before, and you will expect everything in the house to be regular for two."

"I don't see what you're driving at, but you're so confoundedly clever that I'll just come to something; but what's your idea? What is all this about rain and crossing the street and Ninon's gown?"

"Never mind now. Hurry and 'phone Jacques—and leave me the latch key to your room."

Armstrong separated the key from his bunch and handed it to Poe, with questioning eyes.

"I'll explain at dinner. Good-by for now," said Poe quickly.

As soon as Armstrong had gone the lawyer detective dropped into a large lounge chair and twisted his lips thoughtfully. He remained there for half an hour. At length he jumped up, glanced at his watch and a self-satisfied smile of conclusion, as rapid, apparently disconnected words: "Careless—habit—London fashion —brush—drops—sticky—big gown—reward—ah!" that's it—concentrated—easy—no time——"

He put on an ulster and walked rapidly to Armstrong's rooms, just off Champs Elysees.

It was exactly five-thirty as Poe slipped the borrowed latch key silently into the lock, opened the door, and stepped noiselessly into Armstrong's hall.

From this he glided with the stealth of a cat to the living-room, on into the dining-room and thru the swinging door into the butler's pantry. Standing close against the door he could see thru the small serving window into the kitchen. There stood Jacques before the sink, where he had been cracking ice to serve the oysters on, for they had already arrived from the restaurant together with other things piled on the kitchen table, waiting for Jacques to arrange daintily for dinner.

Jacques evidently had stopped in the middle of his work to examine something in his hand. He turned with his back to the serving window thru which Poe was gazing and slightly bent over the pan of cracked ice, separating the shells and around in his fingers in slow scrutiny. Poe could not see what it was.

Jacques was so absorbed in the object that when Christopher Poe, having slipped back thru the swinging door into the dining-room and walked again into the butler's pantry with audible tread, started to push open the kitchen door, Jacques jumped like a scared rabbit and Poe noted thru the little window in the pantry that the object dropped from the man's nerveless fingers.

As Poe stepped into the kitchen Jacques looked up from his industrious occupation of pretending to crack ice that already was cracked and cried, "Oh, Monsieur Poe! I had expected Monsieur Armstrong."

Poe's smile in reply put Jacques at his ease, and he was quite horrified when Poe explained briefly that Mr. Armstrong had lost his valuable diamond and would pay five thousand francs for its recovery. "As much as that!" he had exclaimed.

"I am helping Mr Armstrong to recover the stone and I have come here in his afternoon coat. It had not been dropped here or misplaced by mistake."

Jacques made a deprecating bow and turned partly away from Poe to scoop up some of the cracked ice in the pan and pile it in the middle.

"I'm sorry, Jacques, but you must let the oysters and ice go a while and help me to search Mr. Armstrong's room."

"He is to dine with Mr. Armstrong," cried Jacques. "I'm afraid——"

"I will assume the responsibility. I am dining with him. We are a few minutes late it won't matter, the hot dishes will be sent in, you haven't much to prepare, Jacques, for that ice," he said sharply as Jacques turned back to give the pile a pat and push the unopened oysters a little farther back.

Jacques readily accompanied Poe to Armstrong's bedroom and opened the door to the dressing room. Armstrong's coats and trousers were hung up in separate rows.

"Where is the suit Mr. Armstrong wore this morning?" asked Poe, after a casual examination and a glance at Jacques, who seemed trying to overcome a slight nervousness.

"Here, Monsieur," answered the valet, reaching out for the left coat of the pair of trousers and pulling out a neat brown pair, taking down also the coat that matched. He spread them open on the bed.

"Why did you have that suit put behind the others? Have it just this morning?" Poe asked idly.

"I—it is my custom," Jacques answered quickly.

"Good! That is all in here; you may put them back." He turned toward the door and waited while Jacques returned the clothes to their places. "Now, If you don't mind, will you pull up the rugs in the living-room here and carefully search the chairs and chairs. I think I know where the diamond is," said Poe.

Jacques glanced up quickly, bowed, and said, "If Monsieur will permit it I will run to the kitchen a moment while you search. Monsieur Armstrong will return in a minute."

"The diamond is more important," smiled Poe, "if you'll kindly lift those rugs, Jacques!"

The valet hesitated and then did Poe's bidding with unwilling alacrity. The lawyer-detective seemed greatly perturbed when Jacques found nothing. Wearily he straightened himself sharply, and Jacques perspired in his effort to please. But the diamond was not to be found.

"I say, you might try the molding next," suggested Christopher Poe lancifully. Jacques looked as Poe had dropped into a comfortable chair and was reading a magazine leisurely.

"I beg your pardon," said Jacques, bowing very low, "but could not this be done at another time? Monsieur Armstrong will be here so soon. He was very particular with his orders, Monsieur."

"I think you had better begin with the molding in the dark corner there," said Poe, not removing his eyes from the page he was reading.

Jacques started for the kitchen door. "I will get the ladder from the kitchen," he explained.

Christopher Poe pushed a chair in front of him. "Use that," he said.

Jacques placed trembling fingers on the back of the chair and dragged it to the opposite corner of the room.

Poe dropped the magazine and got to his feet. "I suggested that you begin in the dark corner, Jacques," he reminded blandly.

While Jacques was standing on the chair, running his hand along the molding in the place indicated, Christopher Poe sauntered nonchalantly into the kitchen. He was gone but a minute when a bell sounded and Jacques dashed into the kitchen directly, crying, "Monsieur Armstrong! It is he! He is at the front door!"

"Well, what are you running back here for, Jacques? This isn't the front door. Go let him in. He gave me his key. I wouldn't keep him standing."

The bell sounded again. Jacques glanced from Poe to the dining-room, swallowed hard, and suddenly cried out, "Oh! I have hurt my foot! Will Monsieur please answer the door?" He dropped to the floor and caught one of his pointed patent leathers in both hands, letting out a scream of agony.

"Get up!" commanded Poe, stepping over, jerking the frightened fellow to his feet and pushing him thru the butler's pantry. There he shook himself free of Jacques and told him to go to the door.

Jacques got command of himself and

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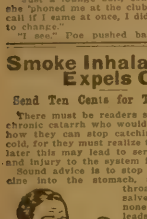

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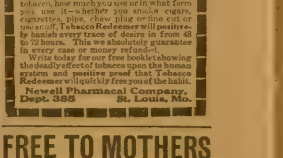

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FREE

re A minute later he ushered his master into the dining-room.

"Hello," cried Poe, standing with his back toward the entrance to the kitchen and shaking Armstrong's hand.

"What's the matter, Jacques?" asked Armstrong, as his man brushed lightly against his sleeve.

"Why, I pass, Monsieur? I am late with ze dinner."

"Poor Jacques!" laughed Poe, "I have kept him busy looking for your diamond. I must apologize for delaying dinner. Come! We will help Jacques prepare it!"

Christopher Poe pushed the door open and passed thru to the kitchen, followed by Armstrong. Jacques peering anxiously ahead over his master's shoulder.

Poe stepped to a cabinet and took out two glasses. "A high ball before dinner," he cried, clinking the glasses together and standing comfortably against the kitchen sink. Armstrong gazed at his friend with an odd twist to his smile, as Jacques touched Poe's sleeve reverently and asked, "Monsieur, may I come to the sink and open the oysters?"

"In a minute, Jacques. Get the whisky bottle from the dining-room. Come, hurry!" he added, as Jacques paused, "dinner is late enough."

While Jacques was gone Poe stepped to the icebox and took out a seltzer bottle.

"Have you any clue?" asked Armstrong, anxiously. "What's the matter with Jacques? Have you discovered anything?"

There wasn't time for an answer, as the valet returned with the whisky decanter at that moment. Poe had reamed his position against the sink; he took the cork and poured a little of the liquor into each glass, reached for the seltzer bottle and asked, "Have you some cracked ice, Jacques?"

"I will get some," answered the servant, his lips tightly compressed and very white as he rushed to the icebox and tore open the door.

"Oh, never mind!" cried Poe, turning quickly to the pan of cracked ice behind him and scooping a little from the middle of the pan into each glass.

He squirted in the seltzer and handed one of the high balls to Armstrong.

"Well, here's hoping you find the diamond!" He paused and glanced toward Jacques, standing in the middle of the room, a cake of ice in his hands, his mouth and eyes fixed open. "But come!" cried Poe, "we'll drink it in the other room."

He led the way to the dining-room and they drank together at the table stripping their drinks. Armstrong asked again in a low voice if Poe had any clew.

"I've a number of things," said Poe, leaning close over the table and stirring his high ball briskly. "So many things might have happened

Lazarre, the Lost King

(Continued From Page 15.)

give his message in your presence.

When Abbe Edgeworth was presented to him he slightly raised his eyebrows, but expressed no astonishment at meeting her lucid eyes. Later did I explain—"God has given her back her senses in a night."

The position in which she found herself was trying. She made him a grave courtesy. My house might have been the chateau in which she was born, so undisturbed was her manner. Her night-wandering and mind-sickness were simply left behind in the past with her having taken refuge in my house, as matters which need not concern Abbe Edgeworth. He did not concern himself with them, but bent before her as if he had no doubt of her sanity.

I asked her to resume her place on the settle. There was a stool for the abbe and one for myself. We could see the river glinting in its wake, and the windrows of heights beyond it. A wild bee darted into the room, droning, and out again, the sun upon its back.

"Monsieur," I said to Abbe Edgeworth, "I am ready now to hear the message which you mentioned last night."

"If madame will pardon me," he answered, "I will ask you to take me where we can confer alone."

"It is not necessary, monsieur. Madame de Ferrier knows my whole story."

But the priest merely shrugged his shoulders.

"I followed you in this remote place, monsieur, that we might talk together without interruption, embarrassed by any witness."

Madame de Ferrier rose. I put her into her seat again with authority.

"It is my wish, madame, to have at least one witness with Abbe Edgeworth and myself."

"I hope," he protested, "that madame will believe there can be no objection to her presence. I am merely acting on instructions. I was instructed to deliver my message in private."

"Monsieur," Eadie answered, "I would gladly withdraw to another room."

"I forbid it, madame," I said to her.

"Very well," yielded Abbe Edgeworth. He took a folded paper from his bosom, and spoke to me with startling abasement.

"You think I should address you as Monseigneur, as the Dauphin of France should be addressed?"

"I do not press my rights, If I did, Monsieur the Abbe, you would not have the right to sit in my presence."

"Suppose we humor your fancy. I will address you as Monseigneur. Let us even go a little farther and assume that you are known to be the Dauphin of France by witnesses who have never lost track of you. In that case, Monseigneur, would you put your name to a paper resigning all claim upon the throne?"

"Is this your message?"

"We have not yet come to the message."

"Let us first come to the Dauphin. When Dauphins are as plentiful as blackberries in France and the court never sees a beggar appear without exclaiming: 'Here comes another Dauphin!'—why, may I ask, is Abbe Edgeworth sent so far to seek one."

He smiled.

"We are supposing that Monseigneur, in whose presence I have the honor to be, is the true Dauphin."

"Being the case, how are we to account for the true Dauphin's reception at Mittau?"

"The gross stupidity and many blunders of agents that the court was obliged to employ, need hardly be assumed."

"Poor Bellenger! He has to take abuse from both sides in order that we may be polite to each other."

"An Monseigneur suggests, we will not go into that matter."

Eadie sat as erect as a statue and as white.

I felt an instant's anxiety. Yet she had herself entirely at command.

"We have now arrived at the paper, I trust," said the priest.

"The message?"

"Oh, no. The paper in which you resign all claim to the throne of France, and which may give you the price of a principality in this country."

"I do not sign any such paper."

"Not at all?"

"Not at all."

"You are determined to hold to your rights?"

"I am determined not to part with my rights."

"Inducements large enough might be offered," he paused suggestively.

"The only man in France," I said, "empowered to treat for abdication of the throne at present, is Napoleon Bonaparte. Did you bring a message from him?"

Abbe Edgeworth winced, but laughed. "Napoleon Bonaparte will not last. All Europe is against him. I see we have arrived at the message."

He rose and handed me the paper he held in his hand. I rose and received it, and read it aloud.

It was one brief line:—

"Louis: You are recalled.

MARIE-THERESE."

The blood must have rushed over my face. I had a submerged feeling, looking out of it at the priest.

"Well, Monseigneur?"

"It is like the heavenly goodness."

"Do you see nothing but her heavenly goodness in it?"

"This is the message?"

"It is the message I crossed the ocean to bring."

"With the consent of her uncle?"

"Madame d'Angouleme never expresses a wish contrary to the wishes of his majesty."

"We are then to suppose that Louis XVIII, offers me, thru you, monsieur, the opportunity to sign away my rights, and failing that, the opportunity of taking them?"

"Supposing you are Monseigneur the Dauphin, we will let our supposition run as far as this."

I saw distinctly the position of Louis XVIII. Marquis du Plessy had told me he was a mass of superstition. No doubt he had thought Bellenger said, for the good of the royalist cause. But the sanction of Heaven was not on his behavior. Bellenger was let fall on him like the dragon from the pit. And Frencinmen, after yawning eleven months or so in Paris, King Log and Crane threw up their hats for the dragon. In his second exile the inner shadow and the shadow of Bellenger combined against him. He had tasted royalty. It was not so good as he had once thought. He could see in Madame the face of Marie-Therese. She never forgot the hushed mystery of her brother, the silence and obedience of the crown, her loyalty to juggling and evasion, were more powerful than resistance.

A young man, brought suddenly before the jaded nation and proclaimed at an opportune moment, might be a powerful toy. The sore old King would oil more than the royalist cause, and the blessing of Heaven would descend on one who restored the veritable Dauphin.

I never have seen the most stupid man doubt his power to ride if somebody holds his bridle-rein.

"Let us go farther with our suppositions," I said. "Suppose I decline?"

I heard Eadie's breath behind me.

The priest raised his eyebrows.

"In that case you will be quite willing to give me a signed paper declaring your reasons."

"I sign no paper."

"Let me suggest that Monseigneur is not consistent. He neither resigns his supposed rights nor will he exercise them."

"I will neither resign them nor exercise them.

"This is virtually resigning them."

"The abbe will pardon me for saying it is not. My rights are mine, whether I use them or not."

"Monseigneur understands that opportunity is a visitor that comes but once."

"I understand that the most extraordinary thing has happened today that will ever go unrecorded in history. One Bourbon offers to give away a throne he has lost and another Bourbon refuses it."

"You may well say it will go unrecorded in history. Excepting this lady—the abbe bowed toward Eagle—"there no witness."

"Wise precautions have been taken," I agreed. "This scrap of paper may mean anything or nothing."

"You decline?" he repented.

"I think France is done with the Bourbons. Monsieur the Abbe. A fine spectacle they have made of themselves, cooling their heels all over Europe, waiting for Napoleon's shoes! Will I go sneaking and trembling to range myself among the impotent kings and wrangle over a country that wants none of us? No, I never will! I see where my father slipped. I see where the eighteenth Louis slipped. I am a man tenacious beyond belief. You cannot move my grip when I take hold. But I never have taken hold, I never will take hold—of my native country, strutting as she is to throw off hereditary rule!"

"You are an American!" said Abbe Edgeworth, quietly.

"If France called to me out of need, I would fight for her. A lifetime of peaceful years I would toss away in a minute to die in one achieving battle for her. But she neither calls me nor needs me. A king is not simply an appearance—a continuation of hereditary rights!"

"Your position is incredible," said the priest.

"I do not belittle the prospect you open before me. I see the practical difficulties, but I see only a magnificence beyond them."

"Then why do you hesitate?"

"I don't hesitate. A man is contemptible who stands shivering and longing outside of what he dare not attempt. I would dare if I longed. But I don't long."

"Monseigneur believes there will be complications?"

"I know my own obstinacy A man who tried to work me with strings behind a throne, would shink he was struck by lightning."

"Sire," Madame de Ferrier spoke out, "this is the hour of your life. Take your kingdom!"

"I should have to take it, madame, if I got it. My uncle of Provence has nothing to give me. I will say candidly—My dear Dauphin, if Europe knocks Napoleon down, will you kindly take hold of a crank which, when you turn it for me, and turn it for the good of the Bourbons? We may thus keep the royal machine in the family!"

"You have given no adequate reason for declining this offer," said the priest.

"I will give no reason. I simply decline."

"Is this the explanation that I shall make to Madame? Think of the tender sister who says—'Louis, you are recalled!'"

"I do think of her. God bless her!"

"Must I tell her that Monseigneur planted his feet like one of these wild cattle, and wheeled his head from the contemplation of a throne?"

"You will dress it up in your own felicitous way, monsieur."

"What do you wish me to say."

"That I decline. I have not pressed the embarrassing question why I was not recalled long ago. I reserve to myself the privilege of declining without saying why I decline."

"He must be made to change his mind, monsieur!" Madame de Ferrier exclaimed. "I see a man who changes his mind every time the clock strikes."

I took the padlocked book out of my breast and laid it on the table. I looked at the priest, not at her. The padlocked book seemed to have no more to do with the conversation than a hat or a pair of gloves.

I saw, as one sees from the side of the eye, the sudden rush of blood and the snow-white rush of pallor which covered her one after the other. The moment was too tragic for any could not spare her. She had to bear it with me.

She set her clinched hands on her knees.

Sire!"

I faced her. The coldest look I ever saw in human eyes repelled me, as she deliberately said:

"You are not such a fool!"

I started back, pale and sternly, and deliberately answered:

"I am—just—such a fool."

"Consider that any person who might be to blame for your decision, would despise you for it afterward."

"A boy of fifteen, one of his youth," Abbe Edgeworth said, his fine jaws squared with a grin, "might throw away a kingdom for a woman who took his fancy, and whom he could not have perhaps, unless he did throw his kingdom away. But a man of his age could not be won by that woman. But a young man in his strength doesn't do such things."

"A king who hasn't spirit to be a king!" Madame de Ferrier mocked.

I merely bowed my head down.

"What is there about me? Sum me up. I am robbed on every side by any one I cannot see. Wherever I am about to accomplish anything I fall down an if knocked on the head!"

She rose to her feet.

"You let yourself be robbed because you are princely! You have plainly left behind you every weakness of your childhood. Look at him in his strength, Monsieur Abbe! He has sucked in the vigor of a new country! The falling power of an old line of kings is renewed in him! You could not have nourished such a Dauphin for France in your exiled court! Burying in the American soil has developed what you see for yourself—the King!"

He is a handsome man," Abbe Edgeworth quietly admitted.

"Oh, let his beauty alone! Look at

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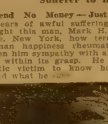

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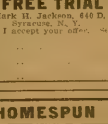

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Lig[illegible] [illegible]ed."

"Of what use is his kingdom if he will not exercise . . .

"He must!"

She turned upon me fiercely.

"Have you no ambition?"

"Yes, madame. But there are several kinds of ambition, as there are several kinds of success. You have to knock people down with each kind, if you want it acknowledged. As you told me a while ago, I am tenacious beyond belief, and shall succeed in what I undertake."

"What are you undertaking?"

"I am not undertaking to mount a throne."

"I cannot believe it! Where is there a man who would turn from what is offered you? Consider the life before you in this country. Compare it with the life you are throwing away." She joined her hands. "Sire, the men of my house who fought for the kings of yours, plead thru me that you will take your inheritance."

I kept my eyes on Abbe Edgeworth. He considered the padlocked book as an object directly in his line of vision. Its wooden covers and small metal padlock attracted the secondary attention we bestow on trifles when we are at great issues.

I answered her:

"The men of your house—and the women of your house, madame—cannot dictate what kings of my house should do in this day."

"Well as you appear to know him madame," said Abbe Edgeworth, "and loyally as you urge him, your efforts are wasted."

She next accused me:

"You hesitate on account of the Indians"

"If there were no Indians in America, I should do just as I am doing."

"All men," the abbe noted, "hold in contempt a man who will not grasp power when he can."

"Why should I grasp power? I have it in myself. I am using it."

"Using it to ruin yourself!" she cried.

"Monseigneur!" The abbe rose. We stood eye to eye. "I was at the side of the King, your father, upon the scaffold. My hand held to his lips the crucifix of our Lord Jesus Christ. In his death no word of bitterness escaped him. True son of St. Louis, he supremely loved France. Upon you he laid injunction to leave to God alone the punishment of regicides, and to devote your life to the welfare of all Frenchmen. Monseigneur! Are you deaf to this call of sacred duty? The voice of your father from the scaffold, in this hour when the fortunes of your house are lowest, bids you take your rightful place and rid your people of the usurper who grinds France and Europe into the blood-stained earth!"

I wheeled and walked across the floor from Abbe Edgeworth, and turned again and faced h[illegible]

"Monsieur, you have put a dart thru me. If anything in the universe could move me from my position, what you have said would do it. But my father's blood cries thru me today—shall the son of Louis XVI. be forced down the unwilling throats of his countrymen by foreign tyrannets?—Russians—Germans—English!—shall the Dauphin of France be hoisted to place by the alien?—My father would forbid it. You appeal to me by family love. I bear about with me every where the pictured faces of my family. The father whose name you invoke is always close to my heart. That royal Duchess whom you are privileged to see daily, monsieur, and I never—is so dear as she is to me that I think of her with a prayer. . . . But my life is here. . . . Monsieur, in this new cold no man waits to be—'Come,' or 'Go.' I am as free as the Indian. But the pretender to the throne of France, the puppet of Russia, of England, of the enemies of my country—a slave to policy and intrigue—a chained wanderer about Europe—Oh, my God! To be such a pretender—gasping for air—for light—as I gasped in Ste. Pelagie! —Oh, let me be a free man—a free man!"

The old churchman whispered over and over:

"My royal son!"

My arms dropped relaxed.

There was another reason. I did not give it. I would not give it.

We heard the spring wind following the river channel—and a far faint call that I knew so well—the triangular wild flock in the upper air, dying north.

"Honk! honk!" It was the jubilant cry of freedom!

"Madame," said Abbe Edgeworth, resting his head on his hands, "I have seen many stubborn Bourbons, but he is the most obstinate of them all. We do not make as much impression on him as that little padlocked book."

Her terrified eyes darted at him—and hid their panic.

"Monsieur Abbe," she exclaimed piercingly, "tell him no woman will love him for throwing away a kingdom!"

The priest began once more.

"You will not resign your rights?

"No."

"You will not exercise them?"

"No."

"If I postpone my departure from today until tomorrow, or next week, or next month, is there any possibility of your reconsidering, to [illegible]

"No."

"Monseigneur, must I leave you with this answer?"

"Your staying cannot alter it, Monsieur Abbe."

"You understand this ends all overtures from France?"

"I understand."

"Is there nothing that you would ask?"

"I would ask Madame d'Angouleme to remember me."

He came forward like a courtier, lifted my hand to his lips, and kissed it.

"With your permission, Monseigneur, I will now retire and ride slowly back along the river until you overtake me. I should like to have some time for solitary thought."

"You have my permission, Monsieur Abbe."

He bowed to Madame de Ferrier, and so moving to the door, he bowed again to me, and went out.

His horse's impatient start, and his remonstrance as he mounted, came plainly to our ears. The regular beat of hoofs upon the sward followed; then an alternating tap-tap of horse's feet diminished down the trail.

Eagle and I avoided looking at each other.

A bird inquired thru the door with inquisitive chirp, and was away.

Volcanoes and whirlwinds, fire, and all force, held themselves condensed and quiescent in the still room.

I moved first, laying Marie-Therese's [illegible] upon the [illegible] book. Standing [illegible] folded arm I faced Eagle, and [illegible] faced me. It was a stare of [illegible] loss that [illegible] thousand years as a day.

She shuddered from head to foot. Thus a soul might ripple in passing from life to [illegible]

"I am not worth a kingdom!" her voice wailed thru the room.

I opened my arms and took her. Volcanoes and whirlwinds, fire, and all force, were under our feet. We trod them!

She held my head between her hands. The tears streamed down her face.

"Louis! You are a king! You are a [illegible]

The End.

* * *

Why Didn't They Light?

IN THE days of Ralph Waldo Emerson matches were not sold loose in boxes, but were made up in "cards," as they were called, of a dozen or so, connected by a common wooden base, from which they were broken off as necessity required.

Emerson, so the story goes, used to purchase a fresh card of matches on a table by his bedside every night, together with a candle and some writing materials, in order that he might jot down at once any valuable thought that came into his mind during the night watches.

One night he wakened with a particularly brilliant idea and bethought himself at once of his canny preparations for such emergencies. Reaching out, he grasped his card of matches, broke off the outer one and struck it sharply on the under side of the table. It failed to ignite. Swiftly he struck the next and the next, but with the same result.

Even to great a philosopher began to grow a little annoyed. Sitting up in bed, with grim determination he broke off one match after another until the card was gone. Not one gave the faintest spark.

By that time the idea was gone, too, and so his only recourse was to lay himself down again to ponder over a new problem, to wit: "Why wouldn't those matches light?"

Whatever his solution was, however, it probably had to be revised the next morning, when he was wakened by a startled outcry from his wife.

"Oh, what can have happened to my best tortoise-shell comb!" she said. "I left it on the table at the head of the bed last night, and this morning it's in fragments!"

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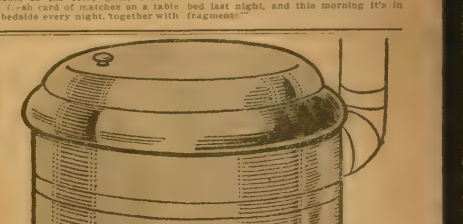

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It will seem almost incredible to you that it should be possible to make an indoor closet that will be absolutely sanitary, convenient, so odorless [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

By Paths of Peril

By Dan A. Keller

The Story's Story.

TONY WOODS, a country boy on his way to New York, falls into the clutches of Jerrold and Chalk, confidence men, but threatens them with a cane and escapes. Tony's uncle, Jasper Sharp, and O'Dell, his partner, are cruel in their treatment of Vesta Moore, who comes to pawn the family jewels. In Evan Bates, a fellow countryman, Tony finds the long-lost uncle of his chum, Billy Bates. Sharp refuses to let Bates redeem his valuables and betrays that he knows Jerrold. Tony is discharged when he takes Vesta's part against O'Dell and gets a job with Erastus Shells, a Government inspector. Tony saves a countryman whom Jerrold and Chalk are trying to fleece.

You can go on with the story from here. If you want the first part in full, back copies of the Ledger may be obtained from news dealers, our agents or direct by mail from the office of publication. The story began in No. 51, December 22.

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CHAPTER V.

BILLY BATES ARRIVES.

WHILE Tony did not fear the two ruffians, he deemed it best to be on his guard. He was pleased with his success in getting Tobias Green out of their clutches and the old Jerseyman promised to be more careful in the future in regard to his acquaintances. Tony found him safer quarters, and before long saw the old countryman installed in a quiet place where he was not likely to be molested by such sharpers.

The next day he received a letter from Billy which, in part, ran as follows:

"I start for New York tomorrow in search of employment, and it gives me much pleasure, Tony, to know that I am to be near you. I think we are able to take care of ourselves, even if Chalk is a big place where there are lots of dangers and pitfalls. Aunt Josepha says I will get my pocket picked before I am half an hour in New York, but I am going to show her that she doesn't know everything. So you may look out for me, as I am liable to drop in upon you at any time."

Sure enough, Billy did land in New York unexpectedly, and burst into Tony's room one evening after he had returned from his day's work with Mr Shell, the inspector.

"Here I am!" was his first exclamation, as he seized the delighted Tony's hand. "Got here safe and sound. Didn't even see the shadow of a sharp."

"You'd better luck than I had, Billy. I came up from the ferry on a street car. Nice things to ride in, don't you think so?"

"When they're not crowded," said Tony.

"Our car was pretty well filled, but I managed to get a seat beside a nice-looking man who looked out of the window almost all the time and never said a word to me."

"Maybe he was a mute," observed Tony, with a little smile.

"Might have been, you know. I fetched you a ring from your mother, Tony," and Billy dived one hand into his pocket as he chattered on. "I put it in my pocket for safety——"

Billy broke his own sentence, for his face suddenly turned white and he stared at his friend.

"What's the matter, Billy?" asked Tony.

"I've—lost—my—pocketbook!" exclaimed Billy. "I had it when I got on the boat and when I paid my street car fare, but now it's gone!"

"Maybe the nice man in the seat got it."

"It's gone and no mistake," said Billy. "And to think your ring was in it, too!"

"It's too bad. What will your Aunt Josepha say?"

"I hope she'll never hear of it," sighed Billy Bates. "I guess I ain't as smart as I thought I was. But he could——"

That the boy's pocket had been deftly picked admitted of no doubt, and Tony consoled as best he could.

"Mebbe we'll run across the missing purse some time," commented the new arrival.

When the matter of the missing pocketbook had been thoroly gone over, Tony related the experience up to date, after which the boys went out to supper.

"I'll begin to skirmish around for a job right after breakfast, Tony one," Billy said. "I'll look for one in the morning and you can look in the afternoon. Let's see—it's the Mohawk Building, Eighth Ave., Evan Bates, and I've only got to see the number on the door to know that I've found my countryman."

The next day Billy started out with several clues. Wasn't successful in finding any of the men mentioned in finding employment in a small office where the pay was meager and the duties arduous. He told Tony of his luck as soon as possible.

"There's a nice stenographer in the office," said Billy, in the midst of his meal. "She's real clever, tho she's poor. She offered me some of her lunch, but I hadn't the heart to take it. Her name is Miss Patricia——"

"Patricia what——"

"Didn't tell me the rest. Is that the way they do in the city?"

"Oh," said Tony, "you don't know who your neighbors are in New York."

"I guess that's right, but she's a nice girl all the same."

As the boys sat down at one of the tables in the little restaurant, Tony looked up and espied Sam O'Dell across the room.

The broker did not appear to take notice of them, but seemed deeply engaged with his meal.

"I never saw Sam O'Dell here before," remarked Tony. "This is not a first-class restaurant, and Sam O'Dell is rather stylish."

"Mebbe he's looking for you, Tony."

The words were hardly out of Billy's mouth ere he dropped his fork and uttered a singular cry. He was staring at a man at one of the other tables.

"What is it, Billy?"

"It's a good deal!" cried Billy. "Yonder is the man who sat next to me in the

"That's the Man!"

car. Nice things to ride in, don't you think so?"

"I want you, Mr. Sommers," said he, in tones that could not be misunderstood.

"That's right!" cried Billy. "That's the man who swiped my pocketbook on the street car."

The policeman gave a sudden look and said:

"You'd better come with me to the station. I guess Sommers knows why he is wanted."

The crestfallen man was escorted from the place, followed by both Billy and Tony, and, as the police station was near at hand, all soon entered it.

The arrested man was charged with a minor offense and was speedily searched.

"That's it!" cried Billy in triumph, as a pocketbook was taken from Sommers. "What do you say now, eh, Tony?"

Tony could not reply, such was his surprise.

The recovery of the missing property put Billy in the role of hero for the time being, and he was told to appear the next morning in police court to bear witness against the pickpocket.

"I know that you'll be there the moment I set eyes on him," said Billy to his friend, as they left the station. Then, as the boys walked with the policeman beside them, Billy continued:

"Who is this man, Mr. Officer?"

"One of the most expert pickpockets in New York, but I think we've got him dead to rights now."

"Your what?" he exclaimed.

"My pocketbook and Tony's ring," was the response. "You got it on the car."

Billy was a stout youth of Tony's age and quite capable of trying conclusions with a full-grown man.

"You must be out of your head," said the man. "From what part of the Jerseylashes did you come?"

"Never mind that," replied the excited Billy. "That's evading the question. It's my pocketbook that I want."

By this time everybody in the restaurant was staring at the pair, and a fitter went around at the man's expense.

"I'll call a policeman and have you put out!" snarled the man, who did not look like a rogue, for he was well groomed and dressed and cleanly shaven.

"I'll call one for you and have you searched!" retorted Billy. "I saw you on the car; you sat next to me, and when I got to Tony's I missed my pocketbook."

"You did, eh? And you charge me with taking it?"

"That's just what I do. Shell out!"

"See here!" cried the man. "You're too little for me to whip, and I won't foul my hands with you."

Just then a policeman sauntered into the place and threw a rapid glance around. His eye alighted on the man at the table, and the next moment the fellow was on his feet.

"Call the officer up if you dare!" vociferated Billy Bates. "Wait, I'll do it myself."

But the officer was moving toward them, and the next second was at the table. The face of the man went pale.

"That's the man who took my pocketbook!" said Billy.

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"I guess that's right, but she's a nice girl all the same."

As the boys sat down at one of the tables in the little restaurant, Tony looked up and espied Sam O'Dell across the room.

The broker did not appear to take notice of them, but seemed deeply engaged with his meal.

"I never saw Sam O'Dell here before

as he neared the place, and, apparently satisfied that the coast was clear, darted into the dark stairway which led into the depths of the building. He was lost to sight in a moment.

"That's enough for one night," Tony said. "It tells me that there is a connecting link between Sam and the two sharks."

They remained in the locality a few moments longer, then took their departure.

"Ho, there, Tony!" suddenly called out a voice, at which the boys halted.

"It's Uncle Jasper," said Tony, in a whisper to his friend.

"I thought you had gone home," said the man, as he came forward. "I wrote to your mother that I was sorry we could not use you any longer and I thought you would be sent a letter home."

"No, uncle, I've concluded to remain in the city. This is my chum, Billy Bates."

Mr. Sharp gave Billy a scrutinizing look and turned again to his nephew.

"Where are you now?" he asked.

"Oh, I struck a job with Mr. Shell, an inspector."

"So?"

"Yes, Uncle Jasper."

"What does he inspect?"

"Nearly everything that needs it," remarked Tony, offhand and with a grimace.

"I think I've heard of him," was the response. "You expect to remain with him, do you?"

"For the present, at least. The work is not hard, and he seems a real nice man."

At this Jasper Sharp caught Tony by the sleeve and drew him away from Billy.

"Tony," said he, lowering his voice, "I hope you don't keep company with him. I am not responsible for what Mr. O'Dell does. He's rather harsh at times."

"Yes."

"I think he was a little too harsh with that young girl who came to see us about the jewels."

It was on Tony's tongue to laugh out and call Sam O'Dell one of the greatest rascals he had ever known, but he kept his temper admirably.

"I won't express my opinion of Sam O'Dell's attitude," said he, carefully. "I'm sorry you're his partner, Uncle Jasper."

"You've not mentioned the affair to anybody, Tony?"

"I've told Billy there, Uncle. Billy can keep a secret. I'll vouch for him. Why couldn't you give up the jewels without the papers?"

"It would be against our rules," was the reply.

"But the girl offered to pay the redemption money, didn't she?"

"Yes."

"Well," said Tony, "if I were you, Uncle Jasper, I'd dissolve partnership at once with Mr. O'Dell."

"But I can't! I dare not! You don't know things, boy. Now, Tony, I hope you won't tell any one what I've said."

Tony pitied his uncle, who was trembling like a leaf. He believed that he was in the power of Sam O'Dell—how he could not contrive—and for his mother's sake he did not want to be hard on Uncle.

"Well," said Jasper Sharp, "we'll hope for the best. But Sam doesn't like you, Tony, and would ask that you don't cross his path."

"I'll look out for number one," was the reply. "I hope you'll consider things and throw Sam O'Dell down."

"My God, I can't!" came the answer in almost trembling tones, and with this the broker turned on his heel and walked away.

"There's some good in that man," said Tony, as he rejoined Billy. "But he's in a snare of some kind. Sam O'Dell has him in his power, and I would get him out of it if I only could."

Half an hour later, and just when the boys were seriously discussing another picture show into which they had gone for a little recreation, Billy's voice was heard in tones of alarm.

"Look out there, Tony!"

The boy turned quickly and beheld himself almost within reach of Sam O'Dell's cane. He slipped nimbly to one side just in time to miss the blow that was aimed at his head. The man was in a towering rage, for his face was white and his eyes seemed to snap fire.

"I'll get you yet, you little meddler!" cried O'Dell. "I'll show you what it means to interfere with a gentleman's business."

"What's the matter, Mr. O'Dell?" inquired a patrolman who came up at this moment.

"Well, here's a country moke who wants to interfere with my private business."

"Shall I march him off? Both of them, perhaps, for they seem to be together," said the policeman.

"I don't want anyone against them for my partner's sake," muttered Sam. "If either of them interferes again I'll report 'em, that's all. I'll do that I'll do!"

Sam O'Dell turned on his heel and marched off.

"Git along wid ye, or I'll lock ye up!" growled the policeman, with a wave of his club.

"You wouldn't talk that way down at Woodlawn!" retorted Billy, whose anger was rising.

"I wouldn't, eh?" and the policeman took a step toward Billy. "I've got a mind to show ye now."

The two boys were wishing to get into trouble with the Irish policeman, walked away.

"We haven't seen the last of Mr. Sam O'Dell," observed Billy. "He's bound to give us all the trouble he can. I don't fancy that, for a bit, and if we only had him at Woodlawn we'd teach him a lesson that isn't in his books."

It would seem that that adventure would be the last for the two young New Jersey boys that night, but another was yet to come.

They were turning into the street where they lodged when a loud cry attracted their attention to a fine carriage tumbling down the thorofare. It was drawn by a pair of magnificent horses which, apparently, had run away. As it reached a spot opposite the boys it was suddenly overturned, and a shrill cry for help came from the interior of the vehicle.

Billy sprang into the street and made a flying leap at the bit of the nearest plunging horse. At the same time Tony bounded to the door of the carriage and pulled it open. The white face of a handsomely dressed woman greeted him. He helped her from the shattered vehicle. A crowd was soon on the spot. A burly policeman scattered the gaping mob.

"Find out who those boys are!" cried the woman. "They saved my life. I'm Mrs. Van Stanley of Murray Hill!"

CHAPTER VII
BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

IF TONY could have been present at a certain interview, which took place shortly before the boys' arrival at their away team, he might have trembled for his future.

In the very room where he had fallen into the clutches of the two sharks, the day of his arrival in the city, sat three men. They were the same man called Chalk, and the notorious Sam O'Dell.

"I'm sorry," O'Dell was saying, "that you let the young rube strike it rich in the country get away without plucking."

"It wasn't our fault," replied Jerrold. "He put up an unexpected fight, and Silas younger can show a lump on his arm where the stick landed. That boy's a veritable tiger when he gets his nap up."

"And he has the strength of a young giant," growled Chalk. "Bless me! if I didn't see stars when he struck. But just wait! I'll get even with him for that blow."

"He's been mixing in my affairs," resumed O'Dell. "My partner took him in the office, you know, because he's his uncle, and I wasn't consulted in the matter."

"Is it you got rid of him, I understand?"

"Yes, even Jasper couldn't stand him."

"Where is he now?"

"Oh, he got a job with Shell, the Government inspector."

"And I suppose he'll be nosing around the customhouse putting on airs!"

"I don't know about that. Shell will probably keep him in the office.

"I wish we could get at him," said Chalk. "Where does he rest?"

"Here's his address," and O'Dell tossed a bit of paper on the table. "He has a chum now, I believe—a chap of his own kind who has come in from across the river."

"A country birds, eh?"

"Yes."

"We'll fix him," remarked Jerrold, as he lit a fresh cigar. "I don't propose to smart long for the doings of that boy. You say he interfered with your affairs, Sam?"

"Yes, got obstreperous. I ordered him to put an undesirable visitor out of the office one day, and he wouldn't."

"Why didn't you kick the young swell out?"

"By Jove! I was afraid. I didn't like the steam of his eyes."

Mr. Chalk laughed.

"That just why I wouldn't go after him when he gave me the blow on the arm," he grinned. "I didn't like his eye, either."

"Well," said Sam, rising, "I shall expect you to give him a trimming down at the first opportunity."

"We shall," replied Chalk. "And his young pal?"

"Oh, treat him the same," was the heartless advice. "Don't be partial."

"See here," said Chalk, as O'Dell started toward the door. "You don't happen to have a tenner about you, Sam?"

O'Dell winced a little, but drew his purse and tossed a crisp bill upon the table. It was a twenty.

"All right," said Chalk. "We'll see that the young rat doesn't bother you any more."

With this Sam O'Dell went away, and the precious rascals heard his footfalls on the stairs.

Jasper Sharp's partner proceeded to the other side of the city, where he ran rapidly up a flight of steps and opened a door. He was met by a man who rose from a chair and limped across the room.

"Hello, Paul!" cried O'Dell. "I just dropped in for a minute on my way home."

"Here's everything, Sam?"

"Going all right."

"Have they missed the loot yet?"

"Not yet awhile. The people in Pineapple street, they've missed the things."

"Are they making a fuss about it?"

"Yes, a little fuss."

"But they don't know?"

"Of course they don't! You did that little trick well, Paul."

"Just like I do everything I undertake," was the reply. "I was fortunate in catching the girl and her mother both from home, and the loot was easy to find."

"Well, here's a little cash," and Sam O'Dell threw a bill before the man. "I guess the incident's closed."

With this he retired.

"I wonder how that trick," said the man of the place to himself, as he picked up the money, "if it hadn't been for that girl I might have been able to plunder the woman and girl, but I needed the money, and Sam is able to pay. Humph! Now if I can get rid of the loot, and I'm tempted to rob Sam and restore the loot!"

It don't often that a burglar becomes conscience-stricken and Paul Norten seldom had such spells.

Pocketing the crumpled bill into his pocket, he seated himself at the table and scribbled off the following lines:

"Mrs. Moore and Daughter.—I'm sorry I robbed you of those papers, but I had to have money and there was a man who was able to pay for the job. I inclose money and I hope it will make up for the loss of those papers. Please forgive the thief.

"THE MAN WHO DID IT."

Placing the ten-dollar bill in the letter, he inclosed the whole in an envelope which he addressed to Mrs. Moore, 101 Pineapple street," and went out. In a moment he had dropped the letter into a mail box and was on his way, still whistling a lively air, as if a load had been lifted from his mind.

The letter did not doing anything," said he. "I wonder what Sam wanted with them papers?" He isn't the man to waste time on the earth, but to pay for having a widow and her daughter robbed is pretty tough."

Meanwhile Jerrold had gone home. Soon after he arrived there he bethought himself of something and, picking up his hat, vanished from the room. He was on the street in a moment and had turned his face toward his office. Many lights had already been set in the block, and he was soon on the sixth floor.

There was a bright light in the office of Sharp & O'Dell and he tiptoed down the corridor. Placing his eye at the keyhole, he espied his partner, Jasper Sharp, seated at the table. For some moments

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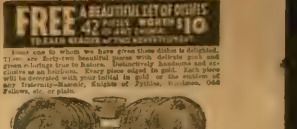

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Sam Hemphead observed this tableau, and then tried the knob noiselessly. The door swung open without sound, and he stalked inside.

Jasper Sharp was not aware of his presence, for he was too busy with some papers which were spread out on the table before him, and across the room the door of the large steel safe stood open.

"Hello, Jasper!" cried Sam O'Dell.

Tony's uncle started as if a bomb had fallen on the table before him. His face was deathly white, and he seemed to have lost the power of speech.

"I had a little errand here and thought I would attend to it," continued Sam in an offhand manner, but at the same time he was eying the contents of the table.

Jasper Sharp knew that he had been caught in the act, and he tried to cover a little package which he had evidently taken from the safe.

"Looking at the trinkets, eh?" grinned O'Dell, fixing his gaze on the packet.

"Yes——"

"The girl hasn't been back after them?"

"No, but——"

Sam O'Dell coolly seated himself beside his partner and gave him a stern look.

"I don't like this, Jasper," said he. "You were thinking of turning them over to the woman."

"Why can't we do that?" was the reply. "She has the money to redeem them."

"Let her bring the papers first."

"But the girl said they had been lost, you know."

"Yes. That was her story, at any rate. See here. You're not going to restore the property."

Jasper Sharp's hand fell back from the packet and the nimble fingers of Sam O'Dell clutched it.

"I'm Boss here," he growled. "You're getting woman-hearted. It won't work, Jasper."

"For Heaven's sake, Sam, why can't we be honest once in our lives?" he exclaimed. "You made me dismiss my nephew, in whom there is the making of a good man——"

"I don't want such rats about me!" broke in O'Dell. "I don't care if he is your sister's child."

Jasper Sharp's lips were white and they came together in a way that caught O'Dell's attention.

"I believe I'll retire from the firm," said Sharp.

"You won't do anything of the kind," was the instant and heartless rejoinder. "You can't get out of the firm without my consent. I've got a say in any dissolution that comes about."

Jasper Sharp's head sank upon his bosom with a groan, and O'Dell watched him with malignant eyes.

"You remain right where you are," he went on, "You know what I know

"Yes, yes! What a fool I've been."

"Fool or not," replied O'Dell, "talk about quitting this firm, and I'll open my mouth."

Slowly the ghastly face of Jasper was upturned till it was revealed to his partner.

"Don't!" gasped he. "Remember my dead wife."

"Remember fiddlesticks!" laughed O'Dell. "Just try to get out of the firm and see what happens."

"I know you've got me," was the confession. "I know I'm in your power. You can ruin me with a word"

"Of course I can. If you know on which side your bread is buttered you'll act with reason."

Jasper did not speak. The shark at his side offered him a little and rewarded him with a pair of merciless and triumphant eyes.

Suddenly one hand shot forward and gathered up the things which Jasper had taken from the steel safe, and restored them to the receptacle whence they came, after which he came back to the table and laid his hand on Sharp's shoulder

"You're in my power, Jasper," said he, deliberately. "If you attempt to kick over the traces you are a doomed man. I won't spare you. On the contrary, I'll disgrace you in the eyes of the world and make you an object of derision. Now, sir, go and leave me here alone."

Slowly Jasper Sharp arose and passed from the room, with a look which Sam O'Dell never forgot.

You plays the role of detective and gets himself into a tight place in the next instalment of this story. Incidentally you get a present as an answer, one who will prove most interesting before the story comes to a conclusion.

A Big Help.

"FAR be it from me," said the attenuated stranger, "to speak in terms of criticism or derision of the festivities peculiar to the Christmas season. The world without such festivities would be a gloomy place, indeed; but I submit, madam, that Christmas is responsible for much sickness and suffering. Upon that joyous occasion we always eat too much, and then we suffer from dyspepsia and grinding pains and spasmodic colic. I have no doubt that some member of your family celebrated Christmas not wisely, but too well, in which case I beg to direct your attention to Dr. Bradford's O'Dell's compound emulsion of onions——"

"Oh, bother your compound syrup of thingumbobs!" exclaimed Mrs. Turfew in tones of exasperation. "If my husband should come back from the drug store and find you here there would be a case of bloodshed, without a doubt, and nobody could blame him for taking the law into his own hands after knowing all the facts, he being reduced to abject misery as a result of trafficking with an agent who might have been your twin brother, he looked so much like you, having a face like a horse's and bloodshot eyes."

"This year we made great preparations for a Christmas dinner, having purchased all the delicacies of the season regardless of expense, including a fine turkey and plum pudding and everything you read about in the cook books, and two daughters came in to help that day and also Mr. and Mrs. Sparks. While we women were preparing the delicious viands my husband and Mr. Sparks sat in the front room fairly panting to get at the victuals and watching the hands of the clock with their eyes sticking out.

"It was then, while those men were alone in the front room, that the pestiferous agent came to the door and was permitted to enter. At ordinary times my husband will resort to violence immediately upon seeing an agent, which is the part of wisdom, but at that time he was full of Christmas cheer, and so the agent was permitted to describe a preventive he was selling for all dyspepsias and stomach disturbances.

"He said that it was better to prevent indigestion than to try to cure it after it got a half-nelson on you, or words to that effect; and the time to take that medicine, which had been compounded by the head push of the royal college of surgeons, and was compounded of herbs and barks and such things, was just before eating a hearty meal. After eating a tablespoonful of the mixture, the agent said one could eat a big enough meal for an ostrich or a rhinoceros and suffer no bad after effects.

"It happened that my husband had been afflicted with growing pains in his stomach after eating his Christmas dinner a year ago, and so he fell into the snare of the fowler and spent fifty cents for a bottle of the agent's medicine, and then he and Mr. Sparks went and took a good dose each. Ten minutes later I stepped into the room to summon them to dinner, and they were both lying on the floor groaning and begging me to bring an ax and put them out of their misery. The worst dyspepsia in the world wasn't to be compared with the sufferings of those unfortunate men, and you can imagine their feelings when we women sat up to the table and ate all those victuals and they couldn't take a bite.

"We had to summon the doctor and he analyzed the medicine that was left in the bottle and said it was insecticide, and he was astonished to find the victims alive. Ever since that unhappy occasion my husband has been going to the drug store once an hour trying to find some remedy that will cure children in the stomach, for he still suffers agonies. He told me only this morning that nothing would do him so much good as to capture an agent alive and burn him at the stake in the back yard. So, you see, you are running great risks by lingering."

Blessed to Give.

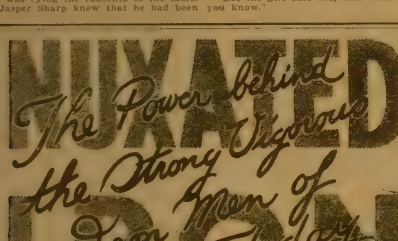
A MINISTER, like his father before him, had often officiated at marriage ceremonies, but it was his first experience at giving away the bride.

He was in a devout mood; his church was small, his salary meager, and his family numerous. This daughter had been especially expensive.

"Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" droned the preacher.

Gently the father placed the slender hand of the bride in that of the embarrassed groom.

"Take her, my boy!" he exclaimed, his face aglow. "It is more blessed to give than to receive."



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GENTLE JABS.

Make good New Year's resolutions and make them stick.

Fortunately the old year has adequate terminal facilities.

Better an impediment in the speech than in the brain.

This is a sour world for the man with a sour disposition.

If a fool keeps his mouth shut he can pass for a weather prophet.

A man doesn't have to wear good clothes if he can afford them.

If we didn't try to uphold our blunders we should have fewer troubles.

Many a man is rich in experience who can't raise the price of a meal.

As we round the turn let us all be careful that we avoid skidding.

Poor old 1917 is engaged in beating its final retreat for strategic purposes.

When two or more women get together one of the things you don't hear is silence.

Bear in mind that the 1918 model self-starting water wagon is already on the market.

However, any old resolve with a new coat of varnish will not answer the purpose.

When you climb aboard the water wagon New Year's day don't ask for a transfer.

Many a man who thinks he is capable of steering the ship of state couldn't run a wheelbarrow.

Some people will be disappointed if they get to Heaven and can't find anything to find fault with.

Everything in the world was created for some purpose. The old bachelors keep spinsters hopeful.

A little learning is a dangerous thing—especially if it is something a man's wife has learned about him.

Look over your actions during the last year and you'll be surprised at the number you would gladly overlook.

It may be all right for a woman to marry in haste and repent at leisure, but a married man has no leisure.

Even the angels in heaven will not be any better than the average man thinks he will be during the coming year.

Just about Jan. 2, when the bills begin to come in, father will fancy that the shortage of paper has been greatly overestimated.

About the meanest thing a woman can do when her husband's name is mentioned is to sigh, look resigned and say nothing.

By shedding any prejudices we may have and putting aside incumbering habits of us may develop for 1918 a state of individual preparedness.

EYES OF WAR

Like a gauzy speck in the pearling dawn.
We drift thru the silent skies,
Over No Man's Land, where the smoke balls spawn
And the deadly gases rise.
We mark the spot where the battery stands—
Where sappers toil on the trench-scarred height.
We map each mile of a hostile land,
Where millions writhe in the battle blight.

No silvery bugle to speed our flight,
Nor the flutter of banners gay.
Not a war steed's stamping for the fight,
As we rise at break of day.
Only the song of the wind in the planes—
A thrill that lives in the day dawn's glow—
A shifting vision of country lanes,
That weave like ribbons below.

—CHART PITT, *in Everybody's.*

Mothers Who Smile

A LITTLE poem came to my hand the other day which spoke about "the smiles on the faces of the mothers," says Miss Ella W. Peattie in the Chicago Tribune. It is quite true that the mothers have been cultivating a kind of smile. It has become their business to smile, just as it is the business of their sons to leave their homes and their work, their gains and their love making, and to go about their grim new work of war. The smile gets to be a habit, so fierce women who will not weep, keep smiling as they go about their work, or as they sit knitting, or as they listen to music or the play. No matter what other people are doing, or what sort of an expression the occasion calls for, you can tell the women whose sons have gone into the war by that peculiar smile, which has in it a mixture of wistfulness and hope and memory.

One of the effects of this new, strange order of things which mothers who have trained their sons in all the forms of gentleness, are forced to send them away to the terrible business of war, is that memory is strengthened and vivified. The mind goes back over the incidents of other years, the companionship of this brown youth in khaki, recalling amusing and happy little incidents, and naughtinesses and illness, and adventures of school or of vacation. Not many things happened to the boy which the mother could not imagine or understand; but now she realizes that it is quite different. No matter how hard she may try, she cannot enter into with her longing imagination what is happening to her boy in France. She does not even know where he is. She would be the most wretched of women if she stopped there with the realization of her ignorance and helplessness.

But, mercifully, she does not stop there. While she cannot go so far as to say that her son is there at her side with him in France, at least she can proudly say that, the circumstances being what they are, she would rather have him there at home. If the hour has come for him to test his manhood by the ancient and terrible test, then she rejoices that he is meeting it as becomes a lad of his inheritance. Or, if he be not of honorable inheritance, then he is, by his courage, his strength, his willingness to make the great sacrifice, himself creating the precedent of which those who come after him will be proud. For while none of us may not have a proud ancestry, we can console ourselves with the reflection that it is never too late to found one.

It is a satisfaction to know that it is not alone the generous, the swift in action, and the gallant who are bearing the burden of this chivalrous war. By means of the draft all sorts of temperaments, and degrees of [illegible] nimity are drawn into it. We have the greatest army of patriotism that could be devised. The young man of foreign ancestry or birth who looked upon this country as a place of privilege rather than of responsibility, will find his national consciousness deepening when he feels himself a part of the Army of defense. He will no longer be a man without a country, but will feel the glow of one who has a recognized fatherland, with comrades by his side. He may be paying a large price for this satisfaction, but I will venture to say that if he survives this war he will feel the price is not too large. He will no longer know that indefinable loneliness which is the blight of the man who has not run his roots into the soil and the soul of any land.

Wise mothers are rejoicing in this increased interest, this growing steadfastness on the part of their sons. Even if these sons have not suffered from this indifference and lassitude, but are staunch and eager Americans, they will find that there are many advantages to be gained by the experiences in the cantonments—the self-indulgence, indolence, physical inertness, the foolish snobberies, and the false standards are disappearing. The measure of the man is quickly taken in the training camps. Mothers must realize this, even from so brief an experience as they have had up to now. A new look has come into the faces of the boys, and a new self-control is noticeable in their carriage and their manner of address. The all-pervading American slovenliness of attitude and speech is disappearing.

It is soon yet for Americans to feel the spiritual change which comes over the soldier. That comes only after the trial by fire. It comes when all else seems to fail and there remains in a bewildering world only God to whom one can turn. Dr. Gilbert Murray bears witness to this influence in these words: "A friend of mine wrote to me after one of the other days about the Somme battles, and how they had made him feel the difference between the soul and the body; how the body of man seemed a weak thing, which he has seen torn to rags all about him and trodden into the mud, and the soul of man something magnificent and indomitable, greater than he had ever conceived. Go about England today and you will find in every town men and women whose hearts are broken, but who are uplifted by new spiritual strength. They know that there are greater issues than life, and that for these issues, if it is well to die, it is also well to suffer."

Many of the letters from young Frenchmen or Englishmen to their mothers or their friends convey the same idea. An American youth for several months in France with the ambulance corps wrote to a friend at home: "It is the memory of stored experience that carries me thru. My body—the memory of the happy hours with you and the others I love, the books I have read, the beauty I have seen, the love I have given and received. I can draw them forth as I want them—the twitterings of the barn swallows with the ambulance corps wrote to a friend at home: of the barn swallows with the ambulance corps wrote to a friend at home: sister's face, a memory glimpse of you, my mother's love." And then dirt, weariness, rain, the sight of the blackened and broken land, suffering—all are conquered. And so even to the gates of death I go with my glory. My heart is filled with unspeakable gratitude. I suppose I am coming into my heritage of religious fulfillment."

A GRAPHIC PICTURE.

The War Council announces the receipt of this cablegram from Paris headquarters in France:

"There arrived recently at Evian, where [illegible] of France and Italy [illegible] received back into France, a train loaded with Belgian children. There were 650 of them, many coming alone, all between the ages of 4 and 12, children of men who refused to work for the Germans and of mothers who let their children go rather than see them [illegible]. They poured off the train, little ones clinging to the older ones, girls all crying, boys trying to cheer. They had come all the way alone. On the platform were Red Cross nurses to meet them, doctors and nurses with ambulances for the sick ones. As the children poured out of the station they marched along the street shouting: 'Mean, meat, we are going to have meat.' They went to the Casino, where they were given a square meal, the first in many months. Again and again as they ate they broke out into songs in French. The Red Cross doctor examined them. Their little claw-like hands showed their under-nourished bodies, but the doctor said: 'We have them in time. A few weeks of proper feeding and they will pull up.' Every day at Evian 1,000 homeless people arrive, of whom 60 per cent are children. Thirty per cent of the older people die the first month from exhaustion, but the children can and must be saved." This cablegram gives such a graphic picture of what the Red Cross is doing abroad women here need no further urging to contribute what they can to the service.

PATRIOTIC KNITTING.

In a recent report of the work of the Red Cross, Henry P. Davison, chairman of the Red Cross War Council, says: "Millions of women have given a share of their time in chapter workrooms and at home to the service of both soldiers and civilians. No part of the Red Cross work is more important than this. "The volume of work done at home and in chapter workrooms by women volunteers cannot be adequately measured. It is suggested by the statistics of goods shipped overseas. In the seven months ending Nov. 1, 1917, the Red Cross sent to Europe 13,336 cases containing approximately 12,000,000 separate articles of surgical dressings, hospital supplies and clothing. In addition to these, large quantities of similar supplies have been sent to camps and cantonments in the United States.

"As an example of the readiness and ability of Red Cross chapters to meet the emergency call for surgical dressings, it is worth noting that a small group of chapters recently provided surgical dressings for 188 battleships and destroyers. A total of 300,000 separate dressings were necessary and the entire consignment was filled and delivered to the Navy.

"Red Cross chapters are now at work on garments for the use of men in training or service in this country and soldiers and sailors abroad, as needed. More than $5,000,000 worth of yarn has been purchased or ordered for the Red Cross garments being made out of the War Fund."

"Women must knit faster than ever, nobody must stop, and we must have many new workers if all our boys are to be kept warm this winter," Miss Ellen Louise Adee, director of the Woman's Bureau of the Atlantic Division of the Red Cross, said. "Hand-knit socks are the biggest need. They must measure fourteen inches from the ankle to heel and at least eleven inches from the top of the heel to the tip of the toe. Socks made from the softest wool are comfortable, and knots and rough places are to be avoided. But sweaters are in great demand, and we have received hundreds of appreciative letters from camps and battleships proving how much the soldiers and sailors appreciate comfortable sweaters and other knitted articles."

"We cannot too strongly urge all women who have been knitting to keep on knitting," says Harvey D. Gibson, general manager of the American Red Cross. "In addition to the millions and thousands of knitted articles produced by our Red Cross chapters in the last few months, we have been compelled to purchase $50,000 extra sweaters alone to meet the insistent demand made upon us by our soldiers for them."

In Mr. Davison's report covering the work done by the American Red Cross during the first seven months of the expenditure of not quite half of the War Fund of $100,000,000, there is mentioned much other Red Cross war service performed by American women.

UNSUITABLE CLOTHES.

A writer in an all-known English paper has been complaining of the unsuitableness of clothes worn by the business girls in the old country. Women who have lately entered public life, after years of inaction in luxurious homes, are applied as setting the worst examples in the unsuitable dress they wear in their new positions.

If heads of important government offices do not set a better example, he says, it is certain that their clerks and stenographers will be equally unbusinesslike in their dress, observes the Toronto Mail and Empire. The girls are doing such splendid work, it seems unfortunate that they do not realize how they lay themselves open to criticism. No woman would adopt a uniform, but whatever is worn should be suitable, with inspire confidence, where flimsy crepe and transparent chiffons create a doubt of the wearer's efficiency.

In this country we are not wholly blameless in this respect either, but, as behind a typewriter, or even a counter, the business girl who adopts the chiffon blouse and large earrings, which look so unsuitable behind a typewriter, or even a counter. Women have entered the world of business "for good and all," and after the war [illegible] to continue to [illegible] good work a [illegible] that they [illegible] the sooner this disorder [illegible] the better for business women, but look to part, the better.

In speaking of the women of this continent, the same writer remarks: "She is always well turned out for her work and in her charming austerity and womanlike neatness she equals, if she does not beat, the man in his lounge suit." Let us hope the day is not far distant when we can honestly claim this as the truth.

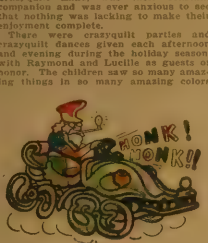
WHAT HAPPENED IN CRAZYQUILT LAND.

THE NEW YEAR ARRIVES JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME

STORY AND PICTURES BY CHARLES A. OGDEN

CHRISTMAS week was an unusually gala one in Crazyquilt Land, and Raymond and Lucille, the duplicate children, were introduced to and feted by all the Crazyquilt notables. Whispering Bill, the Crazyquilt inspector, who had brought the two reflected children to Crazyquilt Land, was their constant companion and was ever anxious to see that nothing was lacking to make their enjoyment complete.

There were crazyquilt parties and crazyquilt dances given each afternoon and evening during the holiday season, with Raymond and Lucille as guests of honor. The children saw so many amazing things in so many amazing colors



that they hardly knew whether to believe their own eyes.

Whispering Bill took them one day to the Crazyquilt zoo, where the animals seemed as surprised and pleased to see them as they were to see the animals with their gaudy patches.

The holiday festivities were brought to a grand climax on New Year's eve, when all of Crazyquilt's smartest society turned out in force to the big reception and watch meeting at the Crazyquilt King's palace. Even the Crazyquilt Father Time was there in all his brightest patches. Whispering Bill explained to Raymond and Lucille that this was the only social function of the year which Father Time attended in person. "The Crazyquilt Father Time is here to welcome the New Year to our gorgeous land," he said.

At the reception the guests chatted and danced and played games, all eagerly waiting for the time when the Crazyquilt New Year would arrive. Late in the evening they were dancing to the strains of crazyquilt music when suddenly one young Crazyquilt lady screamed. The other guests rushed to her side to ascertain the trouble. It was plain that the young lady was embarrassed, for the yellow and blue and green and brown patches on her face turned a deep red. "I didn't mean to make such a fuss," she said, "but my dancing partner, Mr. Seams, stepped on the hem of my dress while we were dancing the Crazyquilt gavotte, and some of the patches were torn. Now I've got to be sewed together again. I'm sure the Crazyquilt seamstress hasn't any thread that will match the color of my patches. It'll be a pretty sight to welcome the Crazyquilt New Year." But the Crazyquilt seamstress was at the ball and she took some of the stitches out of her own patches and repaired the saddened young lady. "I always have an extra stitch or two in my side," said the seamstress.

Then Father Time caused quite a sensation by reading a crazy-quilt telegram from the Crazyquilt New Year. The message stated that the New Year might be a little late in arriving, but if the guests would have a little patience, he would put in an appearance by and by. "I know what's the matter with that young imp," said the Crazyquilt Father Time. "He thinks it's stylish to arrive late at social functions, but I'll show him. Mr. Crazyquilt King, your majesty," he continued, turning to the king, "will you go and see if you can find that urchin and bring him here at once, if it is sooner?"

The Crazyquilt King left the palace, and Raymond and Lucille, looking out of a crazyquilt window, saw his majesty jump into his crazyquilt automobile and whiz away. But the king soon returned and said that he could not find the New Year anywhere and that he probably wouldn't know him if he did see him. Then Father Time went out

and mounted his steed. Whispering Bill, the king and Raymond and Lucille followed the fleet Father Time in the king's automobile, into which the king had to put an extra amount of stuffing so that it would hold the four passengers.

Soon the party in the automobile was on the outskirts of Crazyquilt Land, following Father Time, when all of a sudden the little New Year was seen driving his horse leisurely along a road. When the New Year saw Father Time, he spurred his horse to greater speed, but Father Time followed closely, calling upon the fugitive to halt, in the name of common sense.

"I don't want to go to the reception yet. It isn't stylish to arrive on time," he shouted back over his shoulder. But Father Time shouted that he, himself, could wait for no one, and soon overtook the fugitive and brought him to the reception, accompanied by the party in the king's automobile. All the guests applauded when the new arrival was ushered in, for he came just at the midnight hour. Immediately the Old Year, who had been sitting in a corner, slipped out of the palace, unnoticed. "It's a good thing Father Time captured the New Year when he did," said the king, "for if he hadn't we would have had to hold onto the Old Year for a while, and goodness knows, he's very much out of date."

"Well, I'm awful glad to be here, after all, and I expect to stay in your midst for quite a while," said the New Year.

Then Raymond and Lucille were introduced to him by Whispering Bill.

To finish up the evening, the society, the three Musicalulus, the sweet singers of Crazyquilt Land, rendered some fine Crazyquilt music, and the guests left the palace, each one glad that the New Year had arrived on time.

LETTERS TO LUNCH.

The alphabet to [illegible]
All but the letter U
To spoil the party seemed to say
But U [illegible]
"I hope I [illegible]
And so I [illegible]
Pittsburgh Post.

BREAKING IT.

Little Harold, [illegible] delightful when his [illegible] [illegible] horse [illegible] time differing [illegible] the boy got an ax and began the [illegible]

"What in the world have you done that for?" cried his mother.

Papa told me the other day [illegible] Harold, tremulously, "that a horse was no good unless it was [illegible]

WHAT OF IT?

Jimmy had not come up to his father's expectations in regard to his studies at school and an explanation was demanded.

"Why is it," inquired the irate parent, "that you are at the bottom of the [illegible]

"I can't see that it makes any difference whether I am at the top or the bottom," replied Jimmy, pacifically. "You know they teach just the same at both ends."

Why New Year's Bells Ring

A Story for Children

A GREAT many years ago there lived a rich old man. He was a hundred years old, and lived all alone in a beautiful palace on the top of a great mountain. He was a selfish old man and never did anything for any one but himself, so the people called him "Grandfather Selfish."

At the time of this story there was a great flood in the country. The gardens were washed out, the chickens were drowned, the cows and the sheep could not get out to pasture and many of them died for want of food. The people had little food, and it was soon gone; there was no money to buy more and they, too, became hungry and many of them died.

All summer and fall the rains came. There was scarcely a man in the country, except old "Grandfather Selfish," who had any food left. But "Grandfather Selfish" never offered to share his with any one. All about him people were dying of the cold or of hunger, but he seemed not to notice it. Winter came.

One day, as a poor half-starved woman cooked the last potato she had in the house, she said to her husband, "Can't we go to 'Grandfather Selfish' and ask for help. He surely won't refuse us, when he has so much."

"Oh, if you will," said her husband, "but what good will come of it, did he ever help any one? I tell you it is no use."

But the woman went. Thru the snow, up the cold and slippery mountains she went, until she reached the great place.

"Ah," said the woman, "how glad I shall be to warm my toes by that fire. It is worth the trip up here just to see a fire." But he will help us and then we will have a fire in our own little homes once more."

So the woman talked to herself as she came up to the palace. But she was mistaken, all the kind food knocking she could bring no one to the door. Half frozen and sick at heart, she started down the mountain.

The old man looked out from his window and said to himself, "I wonder what the cold and hungry look, but he did not call her back to find out.

Christmas came and went, and still the people suffered, unnoticed by the old man. Many of them had died of cold or hunger, but still old "Grandfather Selfish" in the palace on the mountaintop never offered help to them.

New Year's night came. The Brownies were at work in the attics and cellars making ready for their midnight dance—for they always had one on New Year's night, and danced all night long. They came into the palace of "Grandfather Selfish" and began dancing and singing. But even as when suddenly the music stopped and every Brownie stood on one foot with his little hand to his ear.

"Ah, ha!" the captain of the Brownies said. "It is our old friend, 'Grandfather Selfish.' Hear him go on and on."

At they listened they heard the old man say: "What, all of these people starving at my very doorstep, and yet I have never offered them help, and this is New Year's night! Can it be another year has passed? What have I done in this last year to make one poor soul happy? Have I done anything for any one?"

All was still for a moment, then the Brownies heard the old man whisper:

"And yet, and yet—I meant to—I just never got to it. Oh, if I had only known how quickly the year was passing. And I meant to begin the New Year right. I wanted to start out on the morning of the New Year to make some poor soul happy; and now the day is gone, and I never knew. Why did not some one tell me? Now it is too late, too late."

Here the old man broke down and sobbed like a child. The Brownies looked at one another and shook their heads. But the captain of the Brownies

called them all close to him and said:

"We hear some talk like this every year; next time, for some one to remind these earth people that New Year is at hand. What shall we do about it?"

"I have it," the little Brownie in red exclaimed, as he hopped round and round on one foot.

"Let us hear," the captain said.

So the Brownie went on to say:

"Let us have our New Year's dance on New Year's eve, the night before New Year's, then we can dance until we see the New Year coming. Then every Brownie in the palace can start out to the churches, and ring the bells with all his might, until the midnight has passed."

"Good," the captain exclaimed, "let this be done all over the country. Let no Brownie fail to warn the people of the coming of the New Year."

And they never have, for if you listen at midnight on New Year's eve (if you can hear like us) you will find the Brownies are still ringing the New Year's bells just to remind people the New Year is coming.

"I am going out into the world, for what is the use of remaining on here?"

"I shall go with you," she answered, "for except you I have no one in the world, and I have a feeling that if we set out together we shall be lucky."

The fire sea said: "I love you with all my heart, but at the same time I always freeze if you are near me, and you nearly die of heat if I approach you. How shall we travel about together?"

"Don't worry about that," replied the girl. "I have thought it all over and have settled on a plan that will make us each able to bear with the other. See, I have had a fur cloak made for each of us, and if we put them on I shall not feel the heat so much nor you the cold." So they put on the fur cloaks and set out cheerfully on their way, for the first time in their lives quite happy together.

For a long time the fire son and the snow daughter wandered thru the world, and when at the beginning of winter they came to a big wood they determined to stay there till spring. The fire son built himself a hut where he always kept up a huge fire, while his sister stayed outside night and day. Now it happened one day that the king of the land held a great hunting and the two the snow daughter wandering about in the open air. He wondered who the beautiful girl was in the white garments could be, and he stopped and spoke to her. He soon learned that she could not come near the fire as her brother could not endure cold. The king was so charmed by the snow daughter that he asked her to be his wife. The girl consented, and the wedding was held with much state. The king had a huge house of ice made for her underground, so that even in summer it did not melt, but for his brother-in-law he had a house built with huge ovens around it, that were kept heated all day and night. The fire son was delighted, but the perpetual heat in which he lived made his body so hot that it was dangerous to go close to him.

One day the king gave a great feast and asked his brother-in-law among the other guests. The fire son did not appear till the guests had assembled, and when he did every one fled outside to the open air, so intense was the heat he gave forth. Then the king was angry and said:

"If I had known what a lot of trouble you would be to me I would never have taken you into my house."

Then the fire son replied with a laugh: "Don't be angry, dear brother! I love heat, and you love ice and cold—come here and let me embrace you, and then I'll go home at once."

And before the king had time to reply, the fire son seized him in a tight embrace. The king screamed aloud in agony, and when his wife, the snow daughter, hurried to him, the king lay dead on the ground burned to a cinder. When the snow daughter saw this she turned on her brother and flew at him. Then a fight began the like of which there has been none on earth. When the people, attracted by the noise, hurried to the spot, they saw the snow daughter change into water and the fire son burned to a cinder.

A NEW YEAR IS NEAR.

"It's coming, boys,
It's almost here;
It's coming, girls,
The New Year!
A year to be glad in,
Not to be bad in;
A year to live in,
To gain and give in;
A year for trying,
And not for sighing;
A year for striving,
And hearty thriving;
A bright New Year,
Oh! hold it dear;
For God, who sendeth,
He only sendeth."

FISH.

All the members of the fish family have left their home to remain until their friend, Miss Spring, returns. They have rented their summer home to Jack Frost for the winter.

Do you know what really happens to the fish when their streams and ponds and lakes freeze? You cannot live in ice, as you know if you ever let your goldfish globe become cold enough to freeze thru.

At the bottom of the pond is a layer of water not quite cold enough to freeze. Down above shall come the cold, so the fish live upon tiny plants, smaller fish and eggs in the water.

They do not eat much, but are glad when warm weather comes again and they can come out of their narrow home and have plenty of room to swim about."

SOME SPELLING.

"Now," said the schoolteacher, "we will have some spelling.

"Now, Bobby, will you spell 'needle' for me."

"Yes, ma'm," said Bobby, "N-e-i-d-l-e."

"That's wrong," said the teacher. "Sure there's no 'I' in needle."

"Well, ma'm," replied Bobby, "'tain't a good needle, then. In fact 'taint a needle at all."

THE WHITE NEW YEAR.

Daintily wrought of linen and lace
Was the christening robe of baby Grace,
And laid away in a sacred place.

The old year died in storm and rain,
But the new year came in a cloak of snow-flakes,
And Dottie stood at the window-pane.

Meadow and wold were white with snow,
With eager eyes and cheeks aglow,
Dottie asks, in a whisper low:

"Mamma, was the new year born last night?
Did it come from Heaven, a baby sprite?
Is that why the world is dressed in white?

"Did the angels weave it, mamma dear,
This robe of snowflakes, and bring it here,
A christening dress for the baby year?"

SNOW AND FIRE.

THERE was once upon a time a man and his wife, and they had no children, which was a great grief to them. One winter's day the couple were standing outside the cottage, and the woman was looking at all the little icicles that hung from the roof. She sighed and turning to her husband said:

"I wish I had as many children as there are icicles hanging there."

"Nothing would please me more, either," replied her husband.

After a short time a little girl was born, who was as white as snow and as cold as ice. If they brought the child anywhere near the fire she screamed loudly till they put her back into some cool place. The little maid throve wonderfully, but she was not altogether easy to bring up, for all summer she insisted on staying in the cellar, and the wife or she would sleep outside in the snow, and the colder it was the happier she seemed to be. The parents called her "our snow daughter."

One day her parents sat by the fire, talking over the extraordinary behavior of their daughter, and she dispelling herself in the snowstorm that raged outside. The woman sighed deeply and said: "I wish I had her here." The man laughed at this, but he ceased to think it a joke when shortly afterward there was born a boy, who screamed lustily till he was put quite close to the fire, and who nearly yelled himself into a fit if the snow daughter came anywhere near him. The little fellow herself avoided him as much as she could. The parents called the boy simply "our fire son," for he was cruel to him all his life. He was as red as fire and as hot to touch, and he always sat on the hearth quite close to the fire and complained of the cold; if his sister was in the room he almost crept into the flames, while the girl on her part always complained of the great heat if her brother was anywhere near. In summer the boy used to lay out in the sun, while the girl hid herself in the cellar; so it happened that the brother and sister came little into contact with each other—in fact, they carefully avoided it.

Just as the girl grew up into a beautiful woman her father and mother both died one after the other. Then the fire son, who had grown up in the meantime into a fine, strong young man, said to his sister:

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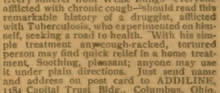

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The Brown Sea God.

(Continued From Page 14.)

money. It was part of the temptation you so well resisted."

The girl stopped, looked pleadingly at Terrimore, and then resumed in words that trembled a little.

"That's all. I know you will think it is terrible, and that I am even worse. I've been a dreadful plotter——"

"A delightful plotter, and my good comrade!" John cried. "Could anything be better? If not, I don't know what. I've had the great pleasure of knowing the Sea God, and now the University of Kayenoe——"

"Yes?" she questioned eagerly.

"Is to be erected by Rabayo, with my humble help."

"Oh! then you don't any longer think it a wild dream——"

"No! It is something that is possible, and we will make the possibility an accomplished fact. It shall be done, and then the native people will always know that they owe their great good fortune to you."

"And to you!"

Impulsively she stretched forth her hand and the act was reciprocated by the president-elect. She was in a thrill of delight to feel that the new university be built, but John, noticing her admirably proportioned features, was wondering that he had ever credited her with Kanska blood. Whatever she was, she was still the Sea God he had known and liked so well.

In the days that followed some changes took place. Peter Jarrick and Red Rufus, refusing to come from Kayenoe, sailed from Kayenoe as sailors in a small schooner bound for Cape Town. Then oblivion fell over them, as far as John was concerned, even as it had fallen over Fiddler Frink and his intimates.

The university enterprise received prompt but judicious attention. Because of this attention it became an accomplished fact in due time. When all the buildings were constructed and the pupils enrolled, and all adjuncts properly seen to into the working order of college dawned and passed successfully, and nobody was more enthusiastic than Barro and his fellow dragmen from the wild hills.

That day, too, at the flower-bedecked entrance to the main building, John Terrimore was married to the Sea God.

The End.

* * *

See That Hump?

(Continued From Page 8.)

scribe, "I saw him with the captain of the Mackerels—one of the sports who'd won money on the game, an' they were all laughin' together. Now, I figure that, somehow, they used him jes' to get us to doosen up with our money—to get a lot of bets out of us, an' make a cleanin'. What say we look up this pale young youth from St. Johns?"

"Lead the way!" answered S. Cohn; and we all joined in the pursuit.

We caught sight of him—that was all. He was on the end of the train just pulling out for St. Johns. But he may as well as let us know he appreciated our efforts to reach him, to say good-by.

"Hey, you Dawson's Dells hicks!" he called back at us. "See that hump?"

With that he threw off his coat—and vest; then he reached in and pulled something out from under his shirt. In another moment, in token of a fond and eternal farewell, he was waving at the infuriated citizens of Dawson's Dells a big, fluttering gunnysack—his hump!

* * *

Advice in Love.

THE face of the young man was rueful, and the lawyer he was interviewing looked exceedingly grave. It was a clear case of breach of promise, and the man of law could see nothing but heavy damages as the ultimate outcome. And he read the riot act to some purpose to the young man, who waxed restive.

"Oh, yes," he said impatiently, "I know all about it. The same old song. 'Do right and fear nothing.'"

"No, no; that's not it at all," said the old lawyer, smiling shrewdly. "What I want to impress on you was, 'Don't write, and fear nothing.'"

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HOME AND HEALTH

FASHION NOTES.

The favorite suit shades are navy, beige and all shades of brown, from the light tan to the darker tobacco tones. A great deal of green and blue is being used for separate dresses, and evening frocks show an extensive use of spangled effects.

This season we see plaid materials of all sorts used. The Paris tailors are using important-looking plaids which have stripes of green, yellow and red, or several shades of deep blue, combined with black-and-white stripes. These stuffs are skillfully combined with plain cloth or with twilled gabardine and flat buttons of bright-colored horn adorn the fronts of the coats.

There's a new embroidery for gowns and suits in Paris that resembles the deep nap of a carpet, but in reality is yarn clipped. This is used for deep bands on skirts and collars and cuffs and has even been taken up for making sports hats. It is said that the French woman, no longer caring to be seen in a luxurious garment that features the deep fur bandings and trimmings, has taken this up as a substitute, for when all is said and done, this carpet trimming is so tedious to make and the labor is such a large factor that it will cost as much as the cheaper furs that have been employed.

HEALTH NOTES.

Prepare only sufficient food for the time being when taking care of one who is ill; never permit it to be prepared before the patient is ready, on account allow any of it to remain in the sickroom. Germs grow quickly in organic matter, and in all liquids; soup, milk and any other food may receive and convey infection. Food should all be as fresh and varied as possible, with very little seasoning.

Lime water does not look unlike the ordinary fluid which comes from the faucet. It is mildly bitter in its taste and its properties are antiacid and astringent. It is because of this antiacid or alkaline property that it is given in milk or plain water when there is a tendency to sour stomach, nausea or vomiting. The sour or acid condition is corrected and a slightly tonic and soothing effect exerted. Unless one has an opportunity to get pure, clean lime, it is better to buy lime water than to try to make it, as it is very inexpensive. If, however, you wish to prepare it at home, take two teaspoonfuls of slaked lime and add to one pint of boiled or distilled water. Lime used for this purpose should be that prepared from marble or chalk rather than the common building lime.

NEEDLEWORK NOTES.

Hat bands of striped taffeta ribbons, with little fantastic designs worked in bright-colored beads on or between the dark stripes, make a pretty and effective hat renovation for present wear. For instance, a wide ribbon striped dark blue and white has small rows of coral red beads worked at regular intervals all along the dark blue stripes and single silver beads dotted lightly over the white stripes. This ribbon was to trim a high crowned sailor hat of beige felt and its success was assured. A gray felt hat might have a similar ribbon with black and white stripes and bright blue beads instead of the coral red ones.

The bags of this season are of every shape and size, but one of the other day stood out as something new and different. It was made of lavender silk gathered with a beading and draw string at the top and gathered again at the bottom. The lower half of the bag was completely covered with millinet violets, so that the bottom of the bag looked like a bed of violets. The effect was so unusual that it made one distinctive. Another bag made along somewhat the same lines was of old blue silk, and the middle of the bag had been stiffened with an inch wide band of buckram, which was covered with tiny artificial roses packed tightly together. Both bags were finished with a tassel, sewed to the bottom of the bag.

A pretty baby quilt can be made of fine white lawn. At regular intervals embroider an open wild rose with pink mercerized cotton. These can be outlined and the petals filled with seeding, and in this way the work can be quickly accomplished. Cut the lawn and then tack it thru the center of the roses with pink ribbon. Bind the edges with pink lawn or pink silk muslin, so that when the edge is folded and turned in it will measure an inch. The stitching can be covered with a row of feather stitching or outlining. In place of the rose a blue or corn flower can be substituted. The ribbon ties at the corner and the edge should also be blue. China silk could be used in place of the lawn, but the lawn has the durability to stand many tubbings.

FRESH AIR.

The last generation feared cold, fresh air, in just about the proportion that this present age courts it. Plenty of good air gets one in a good condition, so glad one is able to resist and throw off colds or other illnesses caused by germs, but one should be careful not to over-expose.

Of course, it is not wise to sit in draughts, tho they are not so harmful as bad air. It is said that the harm caused by one hour's breathing bad air cannot be undone by breathing good air for the other twenty-three.

Every woman wants to feel that her house is well ventilated. She does not like to think that her family is being poisoned by the air it breathes. There should be one or two windows always open, the there should be no draught. If only one window is opened pull it down from the top as well as up from the bottom. An open fireplace is an excellent ventilator.

SWEATER HOLDER.

Have you ever hung your pet sweater away on a coat hanger for a couple of days? If you have, you have probably found it stretched most distressingly when you took it down again. So then, have you hung it, ever so carefully, up on a hook?

Yes? Then, of course, you have found a most annoying little bump in the wool where it hung.

So, then, perhaps, you have decided to keep your sweaters in a bureau drawer and you have caught them on the edge of the drawer and pulled a thread.

Well, here is a suggestion to make the keeping of your sweaters truly easy. Have a special sweater holder. This special holder is no more than a huge embroidery ring, of the sort that is used for the handies and tops of knitting bags. Attach a ribbon or tape to the ring at each end, and by means of this ribbon hang it on a hook. Then pull the sweaters thru the ring. Several may be placed on the same ring without any trouble.

The ring, to be best suited for its work, should be covered with ribbon. The ribbon quality need not be expensive, but the shiny surface of the satin ribbon makes it easier to pull the sweaters thru the ring and there is no possibility of splinters from the surface of the wood when it is covered in this way.

HER IDEA.

"Ma, your bank account is overdrawn."

"What does that mean, Pa?"

"Simply this. You've written checks for $10 more money than was in the bank."

"The idea! If $13 will break the bank I'd find another one to do business with. I supposed they had thousands of dollars on hand all the time."

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The great difficulty in making one's own garments is to get suitable patterns. Our women readers could make many pretty and useful things for themselves and their children if they could get well-made patterns. We have arranged to give our readers a pattern service unexcelled.

We have a splendid offer of the best and most fashionable patterns that can be produced by the greatest designers of New York and Paris, and when in town, these patterns will be within the reach of every one, and every one will have a wide selection to choose from. Read our splendid offer below.

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No. 9878 Bodice with Yoke. 34 to 42 bust.

No. 9939 Two-Piece Skirt. 24 to 36 waist.

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No. 9484 Misses' Blouse. 34 to 42 bust.

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HOW TO GET THE FREE PATTERNS

To every one who will send us $1.50 for a year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger we will send absolutely free five pattern coupons. Each coupon will be good for one pattern and you can select the patterns from those illustrated in any issue of the Chicago Ledger. When you see a pattern that you like all you have to do is to send us one coupon and we will send it to you at once. In this way you will have hundreds of patterns from which to select the few that you will be entitled to, and you have all the time you need to pick out the ones you want.

SELECT PATTERNS AS YOU NEED THEM.

These patterns are the best that can be made. Each pattern gives full directions for the cutting and making, with information as to the amount of cloth required, etc., so that any one can make any of the designs illustrated with no trouble at all. At the same time, they are so stylish and accurately cut that dressmakers and seamstresses all over the country will be quick to take advantage of this liberal offer. Some will subscribe for two years so they can get ten coupons. These designs are made by the best designers and modists of New York and Paris, and are up-to-the-minute in fashion and beauty.

We can furnish and will customers silks on this liberal offer. If you are already a subscriber send in $1.50 and we will send you the five pattern coupons and extend your subscription one year from the time it now expires.

No woman should be without the Ledger's Pattern Coupons.

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If you wish any pattern from those advertised in this issue, mark the number and size on the margin and we will retain a coupon for each pattern we send you when we send you the Coupon Book. (Order by size and number.) Coupons good for six months.

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Down on the Farm

BY EARL H. EMMONS.

The Farmer.

THE farmer, which is the ancient term meaning an agricultural business man, is the individual who operates the farm and the country storehouse so that he may make a living for himself and produce enough in addition to support the millions of parasites in the cities who are too busy to create anything except commotion.

The popular idea of the farmer, as held by city people, is that he is an irregular-shaped chunk of humanity dressed in funny clothes, with his hair full of hayseed, hay, hicks down his back, and with nothing in his head but an empty void. They think all he does for a living is to sit on a fence and whittle, while he tries to figure out who the stranger was who drove along the road the week before.

All this may have been a fairly correct idea of the old-time farmer who let his wife do the work while he chewed tobacco and spat on the vest, as a lightning-rod agent put the bee on him for a few miscellaneous dollars, but the farmer of today is somewhat different.

The present-day farmer does not start to work at the business until he has served an apprenticeship, had four years in college and a course in etiquette. He is an employer, instead of a workman, and he spends his time sitting in his office in front of an electric fan giving orders by telephone and directing other little operations by means of electric switches and buttons.

His machinery usually is of the high-speed, concentrated-power type, which requires one operator to make it do the work of a dozen men, and eight or nine hours, instead of eighteen, is considered a day's work. After supper the farmer usually spends the evening listening to grand opera on his Victrola, or he plays his electric piano, or perhaps runs off a few reels on his moving-picture machine. In case these little things do not interest him, he can hop into one of his touring cars and drive twenty miles to town in time to see the latest drama, and be back home before midnight or he can attend a command parties in his ballroom, so the people who spend their time pitying the poor hayseed at night as well look for another occupation.

The farmer of a few generations ago may have had to stay on his moving-picture machine. In case these little things do not interest him, he can hop into one of his touring cars and drive twenty miles to town in time to see the latest drama, and be back home before midnight or he can attend a command parties in his ballroom, so the people who spend their time pitying the poor hayseed at night as well look for another occupation.

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Because of these conditions this is your opportunity to get this big set of aluminum ware at a Big Bargain Price, a price much lower than it can be purchased elsewhere.

30 Useful Articles: seamless cast aluminum—2-qt. boiler, pot—4-straining—3 saucepans, 1 pint combination used as roaster, pudding pan, double boiler, preserving kettle, colander and strainer—1-qt. dipper—ladle—6 jelly molds—pancake turner—skimmer ladle—pepper and salt shakers—potato masher—2 pie or cake pans—1 deep cake or spoon mold—preserving cup—paring knife—and pie pan.

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